EX BIBLIOTHECA
Collegii St. F. Xaveril.

Sect 051
Lib Y81
Vol 3-4 Cop 1
Acces 22802

SECT. B SHELF

A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. IV.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,

1875.

Printed for private circulation only.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. IV., No. 1.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

(*Continued.*)

APPENDIX.*

The Indian Missions.

When, as stated in the body of the Sketch, Fr. Chazelle with his little band of Missionaries returned in 1842, to Canada, there was no residence in Montreal as yet ready for his reception. To avoid inaction he gladly accepted the parish of La Prairie, a charming village just opposite Montreal, on the St. Lawrence and formerly one of the "Seigneuries des Jesuites." Here in fact, the Fathers had in 1668 planted a small French colony, and laid the foundations of their first permanent mission among the Iroquois, which afterwards became so celebrated under the name of Sault St. Louis.

* The following details are mostly taken from an account forwarded by a former Superior of our Mission, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The year following Fr. Chazelle's return, the Bishop of Toronto offered the Society the charge of the Indian Missions of his diocese, together with a residence in Sandwich, a town opposite Detroit, on lake St. Clair. This place had formerly been the centre of the missions of the Society among the Hurons and Algonquins, and about it were now collected a great part of the French Canadians who had founded Detroit. For at the time when that city and all the lands on the West bank of the River St. Clair were ceded to the United States, they crossed to the Canadian side, and there preserved their language and their faith. To meet this new offer, two other Fathers left France for Canada, and accompanied by one from Montreal, and two brothers began their apostolic work. In 1844, this mission round which the labors of our Indian missionaries now principally extend, was separated from that of Montreal and under the title of "Mission of Upper Canada" entrusted to Rev. Fr. Chazelle; while that of Lower Canada welcomed Rev. Fr. Martin as its Superior.

At the time of the reinstalment of our Fathers at Sandwich, the Indians who, in olden times, had lived in great numbers around lake St. Clair, had either been almost entirely destroyed or compelled by the whites to transport their wigwams towards the North, and the West. Not more than 1500 of them still remained about the lake, and on the island of Walpole, which lies close to its Eastern shore. Deprived of Catholic missionaries for more than half a century, these poor people had greatly fallen off from their former simplicity and purity of manners. Protestant missions, established, at great expense, by the Bible Societies of England, and powerfully supported by the government, had succeeded in partly estranging them from the Catholic Faith, and had left them plunged in every vice. Drunkenness especially, encouraged by the merciless cupidity of the whites, made fearful ravages among them.

It was under these unfavorable circumstances that Fr. D.

Du Ranquet was directed by Rev. Fr. Chazelle to leave Sandwich, and endeavor to establish himself in the midst of the Indians of Walpole island. With no other help than that of the Brother who accompanied him he built on a corner of the Island a rough chapel, and alongside a hut for a dwelling-place. This done, in a light canoe he went in search of the Indians through that marshy country, intersected as it is in all directions with natural canals ; and for six years amid extreme privations and fatigues, he labored in the place with but little apparent fruit. On the one hand, the attachment of the people to their vices, and on the other, the abundant temporal assistance, which they received from the Protestant ministers, prevented their profiting by the exertions of our missionaries. It was not only indifference that thwarted Fr. Du Ranquet's plans for their salvation, positive hatred also rankled in their hearts. On a Sunday, when he had crossed the river to offer the Holy Sacrifice for a congregation of whites, whom he visited from time to time, some of the Indians maliciously set fire to his chapel, which with a portion of his dwelling was soon reduced to ashes. However, the good Father, nothing daunted, at once set about repairing the disaster. A certain number of the natives, who till then had remained unmoved at his trials and suffering, seemed really affected by his recent misfortune and lent him their assistance ; only asking in return that he would remain among them, as long as he could. No doubt, their request would have been cheerfully granted, had not Fr. Du Ranquet that very year, 1849, unexpectedly received an order to leave Walpole for the island of Manitouline.

This new field opened to his zeal, is the largest of the almost countless islands that dot the great lakes of North America, and lies in the northern portion of Lake Huron, running East and West for a distance of nearly 80 miles. The greater portion of it is studded with more than 30 small lakes, while the rest, at the time of which we speak,

was covered with immense forests. Near the Eastern extremity of the island, on the shores of Wikewemikong or Castor Bay, a devoted Canadian priest, Rev. Father Proulx, had some years previous planted a large cross, and around it had succeeded in gathering a number of Indian families. The village thus formed he called "Holy Cross," and in it he protected his flock against the pernicious influence of their Protestant neighbors so plentifully assisted by the Government. F. Proulx, however, soon perceived that in spite of all his efforts he would be unable to carry out, single-handed, the work he had undertaken, and that a religious Order would be more likely to succeed in it. He accordingly offered our Fathers the charge of his little flock at Holy Cross : and in the fall of 1843 Fr. P. Choné was sent with one Brother to relieve the devoted priest.

The importance of this Residence of Holy Cross on Manitouline Island, soon determined the Superiors to despatch some more Fathers to the aid of Fr. Choné. Fr. Joseph Hanipaux* was accordingly sent thither in 1845 ; and about the same time, Fr. D. Du Ranquet, as already mentioned, received word to leave Walpole for this more important centre of action. Still later, Fr. Nicholas Point joined the little community on Manitouline and erected a church there for the poor Indians. Important though this station was, a single residence did not suffice to enable the Missionaries to visit all the Indians, scattered as they were over the country, especially in the neighborhood of Lake Superior : and it was the desire of remedying this that induced Fr. Chazelle to undertake the journey during which he died. After his death Fr. Menet, at the earnest solicitation of Mgr. Baraga, Bishop of the new diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, was sent to assist his Lordship in his noble labors for the conversion of the Indians.

---

*This devoted Father died not long ago at Quebec, after 27 years of labor in our Indian Missions. See "Woodstock Letters," vol. i, p. 122.

It was at this time the policy of the English Government, to portion off the Indians everywhere into "Reserves" at a distance from the sites which it wished to occupy. Thus, on the Canadian side of the River of Sault Ste. Marie they were forced to leave the shores of the Sault and occupy a Reserve 12 miles further down, near a river which they, through longing regret for their old haunts, called the River of the Desert, but which the whites, as if in derision, named Garden River. Amongst these exiled tribes Fr. Kohler* took up his residence. Finally in 1852, Fr. Du Ranquet once more changed his residence, and set out for the purpose of founding a new house at Fort William, near the northern extremity of Lake Superior. An agency of the Hudson Bay Company established on this spot makes it one of the most important points in that part of the Canadian territory.

These three Residences comprise all our Indian Missions in Upper Canada, or Ontario : each one being a centre for long excursions radiating in all directions whether in Canada itself or in the United States, wherever a few natives happen to be collected. The various tribes scattered about these parts are all of the great Algonquin family ; but it is difficult to estimate their exact number, which probably does not exceed 10,000. Of these only one-third are Catholics, a thousand perhaps, call themselves or allow themselves to be called Protestants ; the rest are infidels.

The question has often been asked what results can be shown to have repaid the devotedness of the missionaries ; but to arrive at a just appreciation of these results, regard must be had both to the character of the Indians and their actual circumstances. As to their character it is almost proverbial ; and modern civilization seems to have stopped short of their wigwams.

---

*This Father perished about 2 years ago in a shipwreck on Lake Huron.

Owing to their inferiority of intellect and inconstancy of disposition, this poor race seems capable but of a very limited degree of cultivation ; and hence, they have no prospect of success among the whites, unless the latter, with compassionate charity, take care of them as they would of children. This is what the Catholics of Canada have been doing for a long time back. But where can this spirit of faith and charity be found in the governments of our day ? True, they take some precautionary measures to avoid still greater evils, but the glaring fact still stares them in the face, that wherever the Indians come into habitual contact with the whites, their moral corruption, and, as a necessary consequence, their gradual extinction, is the inevitable result. Before passing judgment then on the labors of our missionaries, it will be much to the purpose to glance at the results achieved by the English government working under the most favorable conditions possible, and with unlimited resources. To insure the success of its undertaking it began to build for the Indians the village of Manitounang, a few miles west of Holy Cross ; and was overjoyed to find them all eager to avail themselves of the advantages thus offered them. A church and a school were erected ; and their necessary appendages, a minister and a schoolmaster were, no doubt for a *slight* compensation, prevailed on to forego the luxuries of civilized society and devote their lives to the moral and mental enlightenment of the benighted natives. A number of master-craftsmen, and of ordinary laborers in iron and wood were also secured to erect houses for all who wished to abandon their wandering mode of life for more sedentary occupations. Such was the foresight of the Protestant government, that, to provide *with more than ordinary pressure against any sudden return* of the old love for the woods and prairies, each homestead was to be surrounded by a charming little plot of ground enclosed with palings. Here the Indian could once more don his hunting gear and

give chase, at least for the space of a few yards, to some unsuspecting squirrel ; or daubed with his war-paint could recline in his rustic arm-chair, under a transplanted tree of the forest, and shoot his poisoned arrows against the painted stakes of his fence. The excess of pressure thus innocently removed, he could pick up his arrows, return in a twinkling to the bosom of civilization ; and having washed off all the war-paint and slept off any remnant of the old forest-feeling—could, the following day, hoe his potatoes as usual with the rest of the warriors. Yes, *hoe* his potatoes, for, to leave no stone unturned for the happy issue of its enterprise, the government had provided abundant implements of husbandry ; and these, together with various kinds of seeds and grains, fine cattle and young fruit trees, were at the disposal of the Indians, while skilful workmen were hired to instruct the uninitiated.

The only conditions for the enjoyment of these advantages were docility in submitting to the regulations, assistance at the meeting-house once a week, sedate behavior during the minister's sermon and the sending of the children to the school.

As long as the presents lasted and the distribution of provisions, clothing, &c. continued—all was well ; but after a while the government deemed the Indians fully settled down, and sufficiently instructed in the manner of providing for their wants by their own labor, so that it gradually diminished the great expenses thus far incurred in their behalf. Surely it was not exacting too much to ask them to hew their own fire-wood in the adjoining forest ; especially when the means of transport were furnished gratuitously. The government accordingly represented to them the propriety of their so doing. But civilized life had so far sharpened Indian natural shrewdness that the object of all this solicitude hit on a much simpler plan for procuring fuel ; and judging it labor lost to fell trees and cart wood when there was just at hand such an abundance of splen-

did palings, perfectly dry and all ready for the fire, they showed their predilections by daily multiplying the breaches in their neat little fences. The destruction of the palings was at once followed by a series of representations on the part of government, of reproaches, and of menaces ; it even forced itself into the minister's Sunday sermons ; but to no purpose: it was necessary to treat the Indians as spoiled children, and "pass their imperfections by." When the palings had disappeared and thus reduced the trim gardens to their original prairie-like appearance, the beams inside the houses were attacked, then the flooring, doors and lastly the outside porches. All the dwellings were treated in the same way, and when all vestiges of timber had vanished from them, the agricultural implements were next seized and broken to bits, to secure the wood work. The domestic animals could not long be kept from the voracity of the Indians, and what with the houses for fuel and the oxen for food, the natives were indebted to the Government for many a hearty meal. A few years later, tired of so many useless efforts, it ceased its frequent distributions and at once the Indians dispersed, quitting the famous village, now composed only of the school, the meeting house, and a few of the government buildings. About this group of dwellings, portions of the chimneys of the former houses of the Indians still stand : an ironical protest against the powerless efforts of all civilization of which the Church is not the author, and the motive power, religion.

Meanwhile, what was passing, a few miles off, at the village of Holy Cross ? The principal resources of the Catholic Missionaries there, were the alms received from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith ; but the grace of God enabled the devoted Fathers, even with such limited means, to succeed in overcoming the natural indolence and carelessness of the Indians. On plans drawn up by the Missionaries, and without the aid of the whites, if we

except two or three coadjutor Brothers of the Society, the Indians built a large stone church, and a house for the Fathers, also of stone ; moreover a school for their children, and finally frame houses for themselves along regular streets traced out for them beforehand. All these labors presupposed a great number of others, all which they performed themselves. Thus they had to fell the trees, and hew the timbers for the frame-work, quarry the stones, dig out the lime and prepare the mortar. All that was bought for them were planks for flooring, which it would have been more costly to cut in the woods. The secret of this success lay in the fatherly encouragement given to the Indians, and the judicious payment for their services. Large quantities of warm clothing, and provisions, such as flour and especially salt meat were purchased, and all the work was paid for in these articles. During all the time these labors lasted, the Indians lived contented, happy and quiet ; and acquired, as far as their nature admits, a habit of working which they have ever since preserved. To encourage them still more, and reward them for their perseverance, the Fathers built them a small water-mill to grind their grain ; but as the island could boast of no river near the village, they could only succeed in forming a very small reservoir. It was however sufficient to grind the produce of each year. In spite of all of these favorable prospects the Missionaries had still their share of anxiety, owing to the total want of foresight on the part of the Indians which seems to be an incorrigible defect of their character. These simple natives had to be continually urged and entreated not to let the time for planting or sowing pass by ; but once the seed began to appear above the ground, the contrary excess had to be guarded against, and no little eloquence was necessary to prevent their reaping before the crops were ripe, or setting off on a hunting or fishing excursion just at harvest time. It was necessary, besides, to conceal the grain to be used as seed the following year, as it is almost impossible

for the Indians to resist the temptation of devouring everything within their reach. All these cares, and many others besides, required no doubt on the part of the missionaries great patience and watchfulness ; in a word, great charity with all the qualities enumerated by St. Paul. But in the end, they obtained what seemed impossible, and what really is so, even with unlimited resources for a government unaided by the charity of Jesus Christ. In fact this village of Holy Cross in 1872 contained about 500 souls, twice as many as can be found in any other settlement throughout the whole country, except similar Reserves attended by the Sulpician and Oblate Fathers near Montreal. Moreover the Indians live there peaceably, no police being necessary to maintain order ; they assist orderly at the religious offices, regularly approach the Sacraments, many very frequently ; while the children assiduously frequent the schools. Pious sodalities have been organized for all—men,women, boys and girls—and to enable each to assemble its members apart, a little chapel has been erected by the Indians themselves without any help from the Missionaries.

The Indian Administration could not see without chagrin the very different results of its own efforts and of the labors of the Fathers ; and to do away with the standing condemnation of its method, resolved with more or less compensation made to the natives, and a more or less forced consent extorted from them to appropriate the whole of the island. But many of the Indians especially those of Holy Cross were opposed to all cession. The same means however that procures *majorities* in more civilized assemblies were employed, not without effect, in the forest council of Manitouline, and the Government triumphed. To appear condescending in its victory, and throw around its proceedings an air of justice, it left to the Indians of Holy Cross the eastern extremity of the Island, in which the village lies. This small portion then about the twelfth part of the entire island, still remains to them—though they cannot be

said to possess it, but only to have the use of it, and a very restricted use at that. Under the pretence of preventing the destruction of the forest, they are forbidden to sell to the whites the timber that grows in the neighborhood ; they can only deliver it up to the Indian administration at a fixed price far less than they could obtain elsewhere.

Providence however seems to have wished to punish the cruel rapacity of the administration, as two large conflagrations have, within a few years of each other, all but entirely consumed the forests that still remained in the Reserve ; and even burned in great measure the very soil which is now almost entirely unfit for cultivation. The state of poverty to which the village is thus reduced encourages the hope that the government will make no more efforts to deprive the Indians of what remains of their once lordly possessions. Though deprived of the riches once spread over their land, the water still furnished an abundant means of support in the rich fisheries near the Island. But the government hankered after these too ; and having *purchased* the right of possessing the Island, concluded, according to the immemorial law of the lion's share, that the fisheries had been surrendered with the land.

A number of speculators of Upper Canada had for a long time coveted these sources of wealth, aud accordingly bought them of the administration. Great was the indignation of the Indians, when they learned this new invasion of their rights, of which there had not been the slightest question in the pretended contract for the cession of their Island. They therefore resolved to oppose this usurpation, and, in fact, when the whites came to fish at these ancient fisheries, the natives drove them away, and for the time being, had the advantage by reason of their number. This incident, which the administration, accustomed to the usual inert docility of the Indians, did not expect, was nevertheless heard of with pleasure. There was at length legal matter to justify the application of force and to put down,

by a great stroke of authority, all further resistance to the *civilizing* efforts of the Government. An act of rebellion had been consummated, and the Missionaries, whom the entire village obeyed, had no doubt been the instigators of the revolt. A warrant of arrest was at once issued against the Indians accused of the act of violence, and against the Superior of the Missionaries ; while the person to whom the fisheries had been sold was himself endowed with the necessary authority, and, accompanied by a sufficient number of men, embarked for the village of Holy Cross. On landing he went straight to the home of the Missionaries, and summoned the Father, whose name was on his warrant, to follow him on board his boat. Now the accusation had so little foundation, and the warrant had been so hurriedly issued, that the Father accused by name was actually absent from the Island ; having left for a tour throughout the Mission, before the breaking out of the troubles in question. The man with the warrant was not prepared for this, and feigned at first to disbelieve the absence of the Father ; but as it was a fact too easily proved, he bethought himself of a way out of his difficulties. "No matter about the name," said he to Fr. Choné who received him, "if it was you who were in the Island during the rebellion, it is you who are its author, you must follow me." As there was no order of arrest against *him*, Fr. Choné postively refused to obey.

While these things were taking place, the Indians of the village, suspecting what was toward, had surrounded the house and penetrated into the room where the scene was passing. The discussion was growing warm : the man of the warrant fearing to fail in his attempt, if he did not bring it to an end at once, produced irons to fetter the Father's hands, when a shout of indignation burst from all parts of the room. The man drew a revolver, and threatened to kill whoever should attempt to oppose the execution of his orders. An Indian thrust himself before the pistol, and baring his bosom : "Kill me if you wish," said he, "but woe

to you if you dare." It was a critical moment : the Father wishing to prevent, at any price, the shedding of blood, ordered the Indians to withdraw and said to the man, that, though protesting against the injustice and illegality of the proceeding, still he would follow him. The Indians obeyed the Father, and the latter departed at once with the man and his followers, who steered straight for Sault Ste. Marie, where the court was sitting which was to try the authors of the rebellion. Sault Ste. Marie is about 150 miles from the village of Holy Cross ; and was reached only the next day, when the Father and his accusers appeared before the court. The arrest being so evidently illegal, and so complete the absence of proof regarding any offence on the part of the Father, he was immediately acquitted, and the man of the warrant reprimanded by the court, for having exceeded his powers. Covered with confusion and full of rage, he reëmbarked, and, the following night, when the boat was in the middle of the lake, disappeared. He had been seen on deck the evening before, silently pacing to and fro with a gloomy air that bespoke some dark intention. Every one understood that despair had caused him to throw himself into the lake. Some weeks later, after much search, the remains of his dead body were found.

Such was the end of this *appeal to the law ;* the punishment of the guilty one being so striking, no further measures were taken to punish the rebellion of the Fathers. Force however was used to prevent the Indians from troubling for the future the whites in the working of the fisheries ; and after the first excitement was over, the Indians with their natural apathy and the consciousness of their inferiority, resigned themselves to endure what they could not prevent ; thus the village was quiet again for a time.

Somewhat later an attempt was made by the Indians of Holy Cross to avail themselves of the right secured to them by an early treaty with the English to govern themselves, at least in the interior of the Reserve ; but the only

reply of the Government was the throwing into prison of the foremost among the agitators. Fr. Choné himself, with the ancient treaty in his hand, went to plead the cause of his poor Indians before the Government in Canada, but he was not even listened to; some independent journals published his appeal, but no more attention was paid to it, and the entire spoliation of the Indians was an accomplished fact.

Manitouline, the Island of the Great Spirit, has thus lost the character it once had as the last stronghold of Indian nationality; but the village of Holy Cross still possesses in the eyes of the Indians a great prestige as centre of the Religion of the Great Spirit. At Corpus Christi, the procession in the village, and the ceremonies performed with all possible solemnity, attract the Indians from great distances, so that an unusual number of boats and canoes, for several days together, cover the bay with life. The concourse, however, is less now than formerly, owing to the greater poverty of the Indians, and the disappearance, through the want of products for barter, of the fair that used to be held on occasion of this feast.

If all the Catholic Indians were able and willing to assemble at Holy Cross, their religious instruction would be more easy and complete; but deriving their principal means of subsistence from hunting and fishing, from maple sugar and wild fruits, they are unable to live together in great numbers; especially now when the resources are as rapidly diminishing as the whites are advancing. The great number collected at Holy Cross is therefore an exception; and besides the Catholics of this village, about an equal number are scattered throughout that part of the Mission intrusted to the Fathers of Holy Cross. For this reason, while one of the Fathers stays at the village, the other, or the others, if there are several, are obliged to scour the country, summer and winter, across forests and lakes, in search of their flock. In summer, the Missionary sets out

in a little bark canoe, light enough to be carried from one river to another, or to be taken from the water where rapids prevent navigation. But in winter, he has to travel on large snow-shoes, and to draw after him his baggage on a little sleigh. At all seasons, he is obliged to pass the night in the open air, and for this reason, usually carries a buffalo robe to shelter himself against the storms in summer or the cold in winter. Besides this, he needs also a little chapel to say Mass, vestments and books, etc. For the transportation of these objects, one or two Indians usually accompany the Father on his journeys. Arrived at a station of Indians, our Missionary at once sets to work. He begins by reciting, and making them repeat the principal articles of the Christian doctrine ; he then administers the Sacraments, according to their needs, and sees that all fulfil their duty of yearly communion. This done, he sets out for the next station, distant generally several days' journey ; and thus a tour is made, lasting one, two or even three months.

During the fine season, which lasts three, or, at most, four months, some Protestant ministers, mostly Methodists, traverse the country, collecting about them some of the Indians, and not being exacting as to the conditions necessary for the admission of neophytes, usually publish, on their return to the cities of Canada, an account of the astonishing fruits of salvation they have produced ; of the thousands of Indians who have escaped the toils of the Arch Enemy, and the thousands of others, who ask only to hear the good tidings in order to throw themselves on the Lord. A few years of such extensive conversions, would, one would think, leave no more work for the Bible Societies, and yet, strange to say, year after year, new thousands are converted in the official reports and still a few thousands always remain to throw themselves on the Lord the following year —for these, of course, generous contributions are of absolute necessity. Besides these *fine weather missionaries*, there

are at the Island of Manitouline, at Bruce Mines, and at Garden River, near Sault Ste. Marie, stationary Protestant ministers, who have a certain number of Indians settled around them ; but the number of Protestant Indians is very limited ; as the natives that have no fixed abode but wander over the country, are all either Catholics or infidels.

We have spoken almost entirely of the Residence of Holy Cross at Manitouline, because it is the most important of the three ; but the same account may be substantially applied to the other two, except that circumstances in these latter are less favorable for the preservation of the Faith and of purity of morals among the Indians, owing to more frequent intercourse with the whites than exists at Holy Cross.

In the part of the Mission, north of Lake Superior, visited by the Fathers residing at Fort William, there has been for many years past not even the shadow of a Protestant preacher, the country being too wild, and the journey thither too painful. As the Indians are occupied almost entirely in hunting for furs, to be sold to the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, they are almost constantly dispersed in the forests, and can thus be but rarely visited by the Missionary. This is a great drawback, as deprived of the religious instruction, and the immediate society of the Missionary, it is with great difficulty they can preserve themselves from evil.

Such being the actual condition of our Missions of Upper Canada, it may be asked : what is to become of them ? and should we still continue the labors and sacrifices necessary for their existence ?

To the first question, it may be answered that, in all probability, the Indians will remain for quite a while longer, in their present condition, as the greatest portion of their country is unfit for cultivation ; and it will only be in case rich metal mines are discovered, that a large population of whites will resort thither. The advent of the whites would

be sure to drive the Indians further northward ; but even then, the positions occupied by the Catholic Missionaries would be very useful for them to act upon the whites themselves ; and besides, it would be necessary to follow the Indians into their exile ; a fact which would require a still greater number of Missionaries.

As to the second question, it must be confessed, it is not unusual to met with very good people who own themselves wearied at seeing the Indians profit so little by all the efforts made for their improvement. Is it not time at length for these extraordinary cares to cease ? Now that the whites have penetrated so far in every direction, if the Indians have good will, what prevents them from profiting by the advantages of civilization within their reach ? And if they do not wish to do so, have they any right to expect these extraordinary succors ? "In reply to these queries, I can but repeat," says the Superior of our Mission, referred to in the beginning, "the answer I received from one of these Indians on this very subject. At a visit, I had occasion to make, some years ago, to Holy Cross, Manitouline, the chiefs were assembled at the house of the Missionaries to bid me good-bye. I addressed them a few words, to move them to gratitude towards the Fathers, who were, amid so many sacrifices, devoting themselves to their welfare ; and at the same time, to urge them to greater efforts to place themselves on a level with the whites, in order at length to get on by themselves. They listened with deep attention to my address, which one of the Fathers interpreted for them, *sentence by sentence ;* and when I had finished, one of the chiefs, rising with the approbation of the others, replied in their name : he declared how much he and his companions were convinced of what I had said, and of the advantage they would derive from their emulation of the industry and arts of the whites. 'But, Father,' said he, in conclusion—'there is one thing you have forgotten to take into consideration : that we may be capable of the improvement

which you recommend to us, you must find a means to change our Indian skin into the skin of the whites ; for as long as we remain with the skin in which we were born, we will not be able to acquire more talents and intelligence than the great Spirit has thought proper to allow us. Should you not, then, have compassion on our weakness, and continue to supply us, as your own children, with that aid, without which we will never be able to succeed !'

"Such was the really wise conclusion of this Indian, and I had nothing to reply, but that we would continue our assistance as long as possible. In fact, if it be true, as Our Lord tells us, that no one, with all his efforts, can add one inch to the height of his body, it is not less true that our intelligence also has its limits, different, not only in each individual, but also in each race, as the history of all ages clearly proves ; limits which God has with infinite wisdom and goodness fixed in the designs of His Providence, for the greater good of each one. And if we consider what use civilized nations, above all, those of our day, make, for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls, of that elevated degree of intelligence, with which they have been enriched by Divine Providence, we will easily perceive that they have no right to reproach the Indians with their negligence in this respect, and that they should rather apply to themselves the words of our Divine Saviour : "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

Letter from Rev. Fr. Petit, S. J., to Rev. Fr. Davaugour, S. J., Procurator-General of the Missions in North America.

(*Continued.*)

So far I have given you a general description of the religious worship of the Natchez. Marriages are contracted among them without much ceremony. The young man who wishes to marry, goes to the bride's father, or in case of his decease, to her eldest brother, and at once treats with him about her dower, which usually consists in hides, articles of furniture and the like. It matters little whether the bride has led a chaste life or not, provided there is hope of a change for the better in married life. As high or low birth is of no consideration, the only requisite is that she be pleasing to the bridegroom. Her parents inquire whether he is a good husbandman, fisherman, or hunter, and according to his excellence in one of these avocations, diminish the dower in proportion.

As soon as these preliminaries have been settled, the bridegroom and his companions go on a hunt, until they have game, or fish, in sufficient quantity to feast the friends of the engaged parties. At the marriage feast, which is held in the house of the bride's parents, the newly married couple are first served, and they eat, in token of affection, from the same dish. After the meal the husband presents his young wife with a pipe of tobacco, the sign of friendship, and afterwards does the same honor to the guests. When they have finished smoking, the guests take leave of

the married couple for the night. Early on the next day the husband takes his wife to her father's house, where she remains in a separate room, until Friendship, as they say, has built her a new hut to live. Whilst it is building, the husband endeavors to procure by the chase good meals for the builders.

The law allows the Natchez to have as many wives as they please. It is customary, however, among the lower classes to take only one or two, while the prince and his subalterns, whose subjects are obliged to till their fields, take many more, as they are able to support them.

The marriage feasts of the princes cost very little. The prince calls the father of the intended bride, informs him that he ranks her among his wives, and concludes the contract with a few presents to the parents. Although the prince has many wives, he only keeps one or two with him in the palace ; the rest stay with their parents, where at times he visits them.

On certain days of the month no man is permitted to live with his wife. So far from being jealous, husbands frequently lend their wives to good friends without demanding pay. This *liberal* custom arises from the fact, that as long as a wife has had no children, she can be divorced, but, once with child, the marriage tie can never be severed.

When the Natchez have mustered their forces to wage war with an enemy, the commander-in-chief orders them to plant in the ground two birch trees, which are painted red and adorned with gaudy feathers, arrows, war clubs, etc. The trees are not perfectly erect, but lean toward the hostile country. After the men have armed, and painted their bodies with varied colors and grotesque figures, they present themselves before the chief, who assigns each his particular station and proclaims his readiness to live and die with them. They in turn promise to obey all his orders and to endure with pleasure the toils of war. They rehearse his heroic exploits, and rejoice that they have such

a leader to head them on the field of battle. Finally, they ask to be placed in the first rank facing the enemy, in order to have the first chance to strike off the head of their opponent.

Although the Natchez cut off the heads of their victims in the onset and first fury of the battle, it is to be remarked, that, when the struggle begins to subside, they only cut off the scalps, which are borne home in triumph and hung on the stakes which enclose the narrow court before the temple. The skulls are taken to the cabins.

The commander-in-chief answers the warriors with a few words, and invites them to come on an appointed day to the "taking of war-medicine." This is a strange ceremony. The warriors seat themselves in a circle around a huge caldron, in which certain roots are boiled in water. Two pints of this liquid are portioned out to each warrior, who vomits it forth again, with such yells as can be heard at a great distance.

After this performance the chief appoints the day and hour for setting out. The warriors assemble, in the interval, every morning and evening on the public square, where, amidst the dance, they celebrate their exploits in former wars and chant the funeral song.

He who would see them marching off with all imaginable pomp, would suppose that they were conquerors returning from a glorious victory, or that they were marching to battle so certain of victory, that not even the prospect of a terrible death could cool their ardor for heroic deeds. Yet a trifle is enough to make them lose courage. If only one of them made public a dream that they had been defeated, they would immediately return home. They are great cowards. It is a well known fact that on one occasion the howling of a dog so terrified them that they fled in a panic and ran from the imagined scene of danger, like hares before the hunter's hounds.

They do not march in file, but in straggling bands. Four

or five men precede the main body as scouts, whose business it is to examine the line of march and inform the chief —who follows the troops instead of leading them—of the least sign of danger.

About an hour before sunset they pitch their tents for the night, and kindle a large fire in the middle of the camp. Everyone sleeps with gun in hand. Twenty men or more are sent out in all directions as sentinels, to be on the alert against a sudden attack of the enemy. There are no guards near or in the camp. The chief exhorts the warriors before retiring, not to indulge in too sound slumber, and to have their guns in readiness. He points out a place where all should gather in case the enemy should attack them in the dark. Then all the fires are put out, and everyone rests for the night.

The commander suspends the idols, which are brought along in a bag, from a red staff which is inclined towards the land of the enemy. The warriors dance around them before retiring to sleep, swinging the while their war-clubs in the direction of the enemy.

When the enemy is not far off, the Natchez, if numerous, advance upon him in five or six columns. If they find that their scouts have been discovered and that the enemy is ready for an attack, they generally return home. Before starting, however, they scour the neighboring woods in search for some solitary hunter, whom they either take alive, or kill, in order to bear home his scalp or skull. They enter their villages singing their late deeds and telling how many scalps they have taken.

The prisoners are forced to dance and sing some days before the temple, after which they are handed over to the near relatives of those who fell in battle. These relatives, who yell and weep bitterly whilst the captives are dancing, and dry their tears with the hair of the captured scalps, collect a sum of money for those who brought the prisoners, and finally burn these poor creatures alive.

Names are given to the Natchez warriors by the elders of the nation, which are more or less honorable according to the number of scalps or skulls taken in war. Such is the custom among all the savage tribes of Louisiana. The title of a great murderer, for instance, is earned by capturing ten enemies and twenty scalps. Hence it happens that the exploits of a warrior are known by his name.

If a warrior returns from his first battle with only one prisoner or one scalp, he is not permitted to sleep with his wife or eat flesh-meat, but must be contented with fish and gruel. Should he violate this fast and continence, which last six months, he is made to believe that the spirit of his victim will kill him by magic, and that he can gain no victory in future, but must certainly die by the slightest wound.

The chiefs and officers take special care of the prince, when he accompanies the troops to battle : for should he be captured or killed, they would most certainly be strangled by the people.

The medicine-men of the Natchez are, for the most part, old men, who without any knowledge of medicine, without the use of herbs or roots, pretend to heal diseases by magic. They sing and dance around the patient day and night, all the time swallowing the smoke of a large pipe of tobacco. They abstain from all food during the performance, and, on account of the ceaseless contortions of their naked bodies, foam at the mouth. The medicine-man constantly carries with him a small basket in which he keeps the spirits of health, such as roots of various kinds, little bags tipped with the hair of wild beasts, teeth of animals, polished pebbles, and the like. He calls upon them, without ceasing, to cure the patient.

Some of the medicine-men carry about with them a safety-root, which renders harmless the bite of the most venomous serpents, and, when they have rubbed their hands and body with it, they can lay hold of the most deadly vipers without danger of being bitten. Others cut open

the affected part of the patient's body with a piece of flint, and, applying the mouth to the wound, suck out all the blood, which they spit out along with a little cake of leather, wood, or straw, that had been concealed under the tongue, and cry out to the bystanders : "See, here is the true cause of the malady." If the sick man recovers, the medicine-man keeps the large sum of money which was paid before hand, and receives unbounded praise. Should the patient die, the impostor is beaten to death with clubs by the friends of the deceased, without any interference on the part of relatives ; such being the custom of the land.

There are likewise among the Natchez old sluggards, who give out that they can cause fair or rainy weather at pleasure. They shrink from the labor which agriculture, fishing and the chase require, and, consequently, take to cozenage in order to support their families. In springtime, the inhabitants of each settlement gather in public meeting and raise money to buy from a deceiver good weather for the year. A year of plenty makes the man's fortune : but, if there be a scarcity, his head is broken. The business costs him little labor. He begins with a strict fast. Then he dances to the shrill notes of a fife filled with water, which he pipes against the clouds where they are thickest. This done, he takes in one hand the *Sissi Kuai*, which resembles a child's rattle, and in the other his idols, and, stretching them toward heaven conjures the clouds to pour themselves out upon the fields. When fair weather is desired, the fife is not used, but the cheat, having climbed the roof of his hut, with menacing gestures bids the clouds begone, and whistles with the mouth so vigorously, as if he meant to blow them away. Should the clouds break and be dispersed, he goes down into the hut, and, singing songs of praise, dances around his idols. He fasts, smokes tobacco, and offers his pipes to heaven if it should wish to use them.

Notwithstanding the merciless butchery of the cozener when his threats are not fulfilled, many willingly stake their

lives in the hazardous business, because the reward for success is very great. Besides, as no fair-weather-maker is allowed to be a rain-maker, the number of such cozeners is increased. Different kinds of weather, they say, have different gods who do not interfere with each other, and, consequently, rain-spirits cannot clear the sky, nor can fair-weather spirits irrigate the fields, their respective powers being limited.

When a Natchez dies, his relatives assemble and weep his death for a whole day. Then they paint his face, dye his hair and adorn it with feathers, and carry him so to the grave, where a gun, a kettle and victuals are put at his side, in order to prevent his suffering from want on the way to the spirit land. From that time the mourners go to the grave every morning and evening, and for half an hour lament over the dead with such cries of grief, as suit their degree of relationship. So when a father dies, the widow shrieks: "oh dear husband!" the children cry: "dearest father!" and others: "oh my father-in-law! oh brother-in-law!" and so on. All who are related to the deceased in the first degree, continue this mourning for three months, during which time they wear the hair short, do not paint their bodies, and absent themselves from all feasts of joy.

When another people honor the Natchez with an embassy, a messenger is sent out to meet the envoys and determine with them the day and hour of their entrance. The prince orders his stewards to make all necessary preparations. They at once appoint the persons who must furnish meals for the guests, as the prince never takes this trouble on himself, but makes it the duty of his subjects. The streets are repaired, and the houses, in which the ambassadors are to be lodged, are cleaned and furnished. Benches are placed under a broad roof on the high mound where the prince's hut stands; and the throne, which is an ornamented chair, is set upon mats.

On the day of the arrival, all the Natchez come from

the seven villages to the mound. The chiefs, judges, and old men, seat themselves on the benches next to the prince, in such order as each one's dignity and the regulations of the stewards require. The envoys halt at the distance of five hundred paces from the prince's throne and sing a song of peace.

An embassy generally consists of thirty men and six women. The six men who surpass the others in handsomeness and clearness of voice, march at the head of their companions, and intone stanza after stanza of the song. The rest of the men follow in ranks of six, repeating each stanza in a bass voice, to which the women, who come last, sing soprano. All of them beat time with little rattles. After the song the prince bids them approach. Those who carry the calumets, or tobacco pipes, at once step forward and begin to sing anew. They advance, dancing now in a thick crowd and the next moment in a sweeping circle, when they fall into line and face the prince. During the dance they contort, swing and twist their limbs in such strange and unnatural ways, that it would not be a wonder if the bones were to fly out of joint. When they reach the mound they dance around the prince's throne, and stroke his body with the pipes from below upwards. This done, they dance back to their companions, and there fill a pipe with tobacco. Then all the envoys leap and dance toward the prince, to whom the noblest among them presents the pipe, while another offers fire. The prince lights the pipe, and blows the first mouthful of smoke toward heaven, the next to the earth, and the rest in the air around. The envoys give pipes to the other princes and chiefs also, so that all may smoke together. When all have done smoking, the envoys step up to the prince and, as a sign of union between the two people, rub his stomach with their hands, and with them stroke their bodies. The pipes are fastened to little forks at the feet of the prince, and the noblest envoy sets forth in a well-conceived speech,

which lasts a full hour, the reasons of the embassy. When he has done, the ambassadors, at a given sign, sit down on the benches which stand in readiness behind the throne. The prince gives a neat answer which lasts as long as the address, and the state judge lights the great peace-pipe, from which each envoy takes a pull and swallows the smoke. The ambassadors are asked by the prince whether they are well, and all the chiefs and elders go one by one and put them the same question, and then lead them to the lodgings, where they are treated to a magnificent banquet.

At sunset the envoys betake themselves to singing and bearing pipes in their hands, to the feet of the prince, and carry him on their shoulders to their lodging. There they quickly spread a hide upon the ground and seat him upon it. One of them steps behind and shakes him by the shoulders, while the rest sit around and sing their warlike deeds. After this ceremony, which is repeated morning and evening for four days, the prince goes home. His last visit has this peculiarity. The ambassadors drive a large stake in the ground on an open field beside their dwelling, and sit down around it. The Natchez warriors dance in gaudy war-dress before them, celebrate their exploits, and beat time by striking the stake with their clubs. At the end of the dance they honor the envoys with presents, such as kettles, pans, axes, guns, powder and bullets.

On the following, the fifth day, the guests are allowed to go about the village, a privilege not granted before. Every evening a festive play is given in their honor on the great meeting place, where men and women in their richest dress dance till late in the night. Before their departure the state judge supplies the ambassadors with all necessaries for the journey.

Hitherto I have described to your Reverence the government, superstition, and manners of the Natchez. I will now lay before you an account of the bold insurrection of this treacherous people against the French.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[*Continued.*]

In August, 1844, Father Barbelin was made Superior of the mission of St. Joseph's, which position he held for a quarter of a century, glorious twenty-five years. At this time Brother Owen Mc Girr was sent to St. Joseph's. Dear old Brother Mc Girr! How I loved him, and admired him, and feared him. His position in the Society was humble, his usefulness great; and happy would it be for many a member filling a more exalted station, did he possess his virtue, or even his natural ability. For many years he performed the duties of his responsible office with fidelity, and his influence for good was second only to that of some Fathers. The friend of the quiet, well-behaved lads, but the terror of the mischief-loving urchins; his bodily strength awed the beggar-impostor, whilst the sharpness of his wit taught the learned professor, who could number his reverend pupils by the hundreds, that logic can be acquired even outside the schools. Simple as a child, his nasal tones have soothed the sorrowing heart of many a poor mother; and ex-Provincials loved to joke with him as a brother. Dear old Brother Mc Girr, these eyes will be darkened by the shades of death when they do not brighten at the mention of your name.

In 1845 the assistants of Father Barbelin were Fathers Anthony Rey, Francis Vespre and John Blox. Fr. Rey was at that time Socius and Admonitor of the Very Rev. Father Provincial. He was afterwards one of the Chaplains of the United States army during the war in Mexico, and on the 19th of January was murdered by the brigands.

Father Lucas, one of the most remarkable fathers of the Province, a man of deep learning, pure piety, and great natural wit, though nominally stationed at Goshenhoppen, spent most of his time in Philadelphia, where he was much esteemed.

The Spiritual Exercises were given this year by Fathers Rey and Samuel Barber. The eloquence of the latter was such as has seldom been heard, even in St. Joseph's. In the concluding discourse, on Palm Sunday morning, the congregation was so carried away by his pathetic eloquence, that, spontaneously, they fell upon their knees, while every eye shed tears of penitence and joy.

In 1846, Fathers Augustine Mc Mullin and Samuel Mulledy assisted Father Barbelin. These were holy years: Father Barbelin full of zeal and his assistants coöperating with him. Down in the Sunday School, talking with teachers and scholars; up in the Church, exhorting the Sodalists, who then filled the whole body of the Church, and whose singing has never been equalled in Philadelphia; then back again in the Sunday School, to give the parting advice; he was fresh and ready for the vespers with his "few words of edification." Nor was the week spent in idleness. His Temperance Beneficial Society, established in 1840, was to be superintended. His Saint Rose Society composed of ladies of means, whose duty it was to visit the sick; not the poor only, but those of position; carrying some little delicacy and speaking words of consolation and advice, was to be directed. His Dorcas Society, for supplying the poor with clothing, was to be encouraged. His reading room and library, for men and youths, were to be visited. His night school, for apprentice boys, was to be examined. Ladies were stimulated to compose new hymns and adapt new tunes. Children were to be prepared for the sacraments. Novenas were to be performed and practices of piety taught: and while most faithful in the sacred box, and most assiduous in pastoral visits, wisely thinking that

the pastor should know his flock, no Father administered more Baptisms, blessed more marriages, or attended more sick calls.

In 1847, the Church was enriched with a splendid marble statue of our holy father, St. Joseph. Although younger than the conceptions of many of the 'Foster Father,' beautiful is his face as well as that of the Divine Infant. This large, life-size statue, together with the staff, was chiselled from one piece of pure white marble, and cost $450,00; its present value would be $1000,00.

On the 21st of February, a collection was taken up for the sufferers by the fearful famine in Ireland, and $850,00 were raised. When we take into consideration, that St. Joseph's is the smallest parish in the diocese, that it is the one where the ships carrying immigrants arrive, who, instead of bringing funds to the coffers of the Church, remain only until they can obtain a home elsewhere, and very frequently require assistance while they remain and when they go, this collection was surprisingly large.

On November 1st, the "St. Joseph's Catholic Total Abstinence Beneficial Society" held a meeting in the basement, at which, amid great excitement, delegates were appointed to meet Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance.

In 1848 Father Barbelin, with some of the leading Catholic gentlemen, organized a Society for the relief of the distressed immigrants whom the awful sufferings of the famine in Ireland drove to our city; most of whom arrived in our parish. Having served its day of usefulness, crowned with the blessing of the widow and the orphan, and the poor man of family, this Society found itself with a balance in its treasury. From this unusual fact sprang St. Joseph's Hospital. Its inception began in the parlor of St. Joseph's Residence. For a long time, until, after many years of able management by the good sisters of St. Joseph, it was placed in the charge of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul; the Board of Corporators and Directors met at

St. Joseph's. It is now a noble institution, one of the boasts of Philadelphia Catholics.

In 1849, Fathers Barbelin, Balfe and Thomas Mulledy formed the corps at St. Joseph's, but in midsummer, Father John Lynch, belonging to the Province of Ireland, replaced Father Balfe. About this time Father Visitor Ignatius Brocard began to agitate the question of building St. Joseph's College. At first Father Barbelin objected; he had bought sufficient ground, and had paid off most of the debt of the Church and he was desirous of completely liquidating this debt, and of laying by some funds before commencing so costly an undertaking. But Father Brocard urged and promised assistance from the Province. This assistance Father Barbelin understood as a gift, but it eventually proved a loan. The work was placed in charge of Father John Lynch, who pushed it on with vigor, so that by July, 1851, the building was ready for occupancy. Even at that early season it was foreseen that the proper position for a college would be farther west; still, it was substantially built and was large and airy. Being near the Merchants' Exchange, where all the omnibuses started, it was a very excellent location for the time.

Although ourselves erecting a large structure, in the first two weeks of March, collections were taken up for the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul and over $2000,00 were realized. In the month of May, a young scholastic, thought to be near his death, was sent to Philadelphia, that he might have the consolation of dying in his native city. He did not die, but immediately his health began to improve. It was then determined to open the College at once, with him as one of the teachers. Father Burchard Villiger, afterwards Provincial, then lately ordained, was appointed Prefect of Studies. Two scholastics, one lay brother, and one secular gentleman formed the corps of professors. It was ordered by the Very Rev. Provincial,

that during the first year, there should be no class higher than the Rudiments, adding a class each year.

The College opened on the 7th of September, the festival of our Mother's Nativity, with nearly one hundred scholars, some of them young men older than their teachers. Under the able management of Father Villiger, discipline was well kept up and the students studied, and had the spirit then instilled been preserved, St. Joseph's College, in the City of Philadelphia, would now number hundreds of classical students.

At the time the College was commenced the poorer boys of the parish were not neglected. The parochial school for boys was re-opened, at, first, in the basement, afterwards in a building erected north of the Church, and placed under the care of two lay brothers. It has had varied success; at times, there has been a large school of promising lads, and again the attendance has been small. Some of our most efficient young Catholic gentlemen have been pupils of this school. At present, the number attending is small, and mostly young boys, but it is not deficient in usefulness.

During this year Father John Lynch rented the large house at the southwest corner of Union and Front streets, as a home for young servant girls out of employment. He placed it in the charge of a matron, intending soon to introduce the Sisters of Mercy to preside over it. For its support, on the 28th of September, he established a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. This institution was ephemeric; but the Conference of St. Vincent was the nucleus of the now powerful and ably managed Particular Conference of Philadelphia.

During this year, Father James Ryder was stationed at St. Joseph's, and began on the second Sunday in September a series of sermons on the Blessed Mother, which he continued until the second Sunday in December,—a series of sermons unsurpassed for their eloquence and learning.

Each discourse seemed to exhaust the matter, only to be equalled if not excelled by the next. The Church was crowded to excess, and the sashes being raised, men filled the quadrangle and the yard on the north side of the Church, listening in rapt attention to the chaste words of the eloquent divine.

In March, 1852, a meeting of Italian Catholics was held in the basement. This meeting gave rise to a movement which eventuated in the building of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi for the Italians. At present there is a fine Church; the new school house and pastor's residence having been burned by the match of the incendiary. Still a large number of the faithful children of sunny Italy prefer to attend the early mass at St. Joseph's.

Father Barbelin thought it now high time to open a school for female children, there not being a single school for Catholic girls in the city proper. For that purpose he called a meeting of the pew-holders, in the basement, on Sunday afternoon, April 4th. He presided, and Wm. L. Hirst, Esq., was Secretary. At this meeting it was resolved to increase the pew rents 33⅓ per cent, and with the fund thus raised to support a free school for girls. I paid a visit with Fr. Barbelin to St. John's Orphan Asylum, the head house in the diocese, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; where he went to make necessary arrangements to obtain sisters as teachers. In the beginning of September, a school was opened in a house in Fourth Street above Willing's Alley, which had been bought for the purpose, with Sisters Veronica and De Sales, and Miss Susan McCaffery for teachers. Now St. Joseph's Academy in Locust Street employs six sisters and has over three hundred pupils, who receive a good English education, and are taught vocal and instrumental music, plain and fancy needle work. This was the first school of the Sisters of St Joseph's, who now have a splendid Convent and Academy at Mount Saint Joseph, Chestnut Hill; conduct eight select and eleven parochial

schools, besides attending to other institutions of the diocese.

The movement at St. Joseph's Church soon excited the emulation of other congregations, and in the latter part of the year a large meeting was held in St. John's basement of delegates from different churches, to consult on the proper steps to be taken in the matter. The delegates from St. Joseph's were Wm. L. Hirst, John C. Kirkpatrick, James M. Smith, Denis Murphy and Joseph Dimond.

On Sunday, the first of May, the students of St. Joseph's College had their first procession in honor of Immaculate Mary, their chosen Queen of May. Heretofore almost all the public devotions, as May processions, Christmas entertainments, &c., had been confined to the young misses, but now a great change was made; the boys took their proper position — the lead in all such matters. The devotion of May processions was carried to a very high degree of perfection; months were spent in the preparation of the speaking and singing, and large sums of money expended on the adornments and floral decorations. These processions continued for years, when the Scholastic who had charge of them, seeing that the rivalries engendered between the children and the Sodalities were growing into sinful feelings, gave them over; and now the May processions, as in former years, are left to the young ladies.

During this year Father Villiger was succeeded in the Prefecture of Schools, first by Father John Blox and then by Father John McGuigan. The corps of professors consisted of four Fathers, two Scholastics and one lay brother. The attendance was large, the discipline good, and the reputation of the school high even among Protestants, though no Protestant boys were received as pupils.

In August, 1853, as the number of Scholastics was increased to five, a young Father was sent to St. Joseph's, as Minister, Superior of the Scholastics and Prefect of schools. Unhappily discipline relaxed, and on the removal of the

College to Filbert and Juniper Streets, the number of pupils became small.

The promulgation of the glorious dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception was celebrated with the greatest pomp at St. Joseph's. "All things obey money," and money was not spared. Priests and laity vied with each other in doing their best to honor the occasion; even some Protestants were happy to lend their richest ornaments to grace the celebration. Back of the Altar was hung the rich golden drapery of Mr. Joseph Ingersoll; upon a high pedestal of crimson velvet, glittering with precious jewels, stood a pure white marble statue of the Immaculate Queen; bouquets innumerable of choicest hot-house flowers and candelabra uncountable made everything fragrant and bright. It has been said, when the altars were lighted, hundreds and hundreds of happy tapers glimmered as stars at Mary's feet. The columns and galleries were twined with bright flowers and green foliage, through which twinkled the bright flames of miniature chandeliers, lent us for the occasion—the *tout ensemble* was fairy-like in beauty. So great was the number in attendance, that the crowd extended down Walnut Street to Third and even to the Merchant's Exchange.

The 29th of August was a day not soon to be forgotten in this country. Being confined to my room by a severe head-ache, three scholastics spent an hour around my bed. They were on their way to the College of the Holy Cross, as teachers. At 11, A. M., I sent them down to the refectory to a substantial lunch; and then saying a short prayer in honor of the thorn-crowned head, I walked my floor for hours in intense pain.

About 4, P. M., being relieved, I went out to pay a visit to my mother's. After staying there a short time, I started for home, and on the way met a young lady acquaintance, with face the color of ashes of roses. "Oh! O! Mr. . . . , have you heard the news? the noon train to New York is

smashed up, and oh! oh! oh! the young—the scholastics are all killed." I waited not to thank her for her kindness: and indeed, Miss Kate Egan has a heart brimming full of kindness for everyone who can lay claim to the title of Jesuit, but started at double quick for Willing's Alley, where I found that the scholastics were not "*all* killed," for there was Mr. Woolts under the care of good Dr. Mc Neil. One was dead, one was severely injured, and one was greatly, oh! greatly scared.

Poor Mr. Hugh Rush, a few more weeks and you would have called yourself a man, but suddenly that warm heart ceased to beat. Those who knew you well tell me it was indeed a warm heart that ceased to beat on that memorable 29th of August. You had just finished your retreat, Mary's beads were in your hands, Mary's name was on your lips; you were going to instil the love of Mary and of Mary's Son; but Mary's Father and your God willed otherwise: as good Brother John Dowling says: "Thanks be to God."

One Brother dead in Burlington, and another Brother there dying, if not dead! Father . . . . , armed with sacred unction, and humble servant, started for Walnut St. Wharf, to take the boat, to take the train, which, it was announced, would, at 6 o'clock, take the relatives and friends of the dead and wounded to Burlington. Six o'clock is passed, 7 o'clock is striking. "Say, sir, is there not a train to take us to Burlington?" asked I of a clerk, who looked as if ever there had been any blood in his face, it had taken lodgings elsewhere. "Yes, sir, we will be ready in a very short time." Eight o'clock has been counted by the steel tongue of the State House bell. "Mr. E. . . . . s," said I to an employee of the Road whom I recognized as a Catholic, "it was announced that at 6 o'clock, there would be a train to take us up to Burlington. Is there one to go to-night?" "O Mr. . . . . ! I hope none of our—of your,—I hope none of our Fathers was on that train?" "Yes, there was one of ours, there were three of ours. Is there

any hope of our getting there to-night?" "Oh! do come with Father .... over to our house and Mrs. E...'s will give you a cup of tea. We cannot get the train started before 10 o'clock, but then you'll go right straight through, without any stopping; you'll get there in ten or fifteen minutes."

At 12 o'clock we started from Camden. Perhaps arrangements had been made, or at least orders given that there should be no stoppages, but this I know that when the engine was within twelve inches of Rancocas Creek, there was a whistle to put down brakes: a whistle that would have wakened the seven sleepers, and a jerk that did waken the seventy-seven sleepers in those four cars, but that it took seventy times seven whistles to waken the one sleeper, whose duty it was to lower the draw, and whose carelessness had nearly sent one hundred and twenty painfully anxious Philadelphians to spend St. Rose's day, 1855, with the sportive fishes of the smooth flowing Delaware.

We arrived in Burlington after 1 o'clock. Leaving Father .... to look for the dead, I went in seareh of a man, —in search of my brother. From room to room went I; but whilst many men I saw, my man I could not see. At length I came to a long room, where at least twelve were lying in anguish and pain. I have a natural aversion to gazing on suffering, when I am powerless to relieve, but to-night, I, poor myope, laid aside all delicacy. In the farthest corner I saw a poor negro, whose dusky skin proclaimed him one of Congo's noble princes. "He must be among the dead," soliloquized I, as disappointed I turned away. "Mr. ....," whispers my Ethiopian hero. "What! can that be Dennis?" Yes, it was Dennis. Ah! Father O'Kane, the mother that nursed you would not have recognized you as her son; and your Christian answer: "Yes I'm alive, but go rescue first those who are suffering more than I," did honor to you and to the Society which educated us. "Go rescue first those who are suffering more than I," Brother,

there were few among the living who were suffering more than you, or as much as you, but they were not reciting the beads of the *Salus Infirmorum* when that terrible crash came, they had not the *Virgo Potens* strengthening them.

Do you remember, brother, how, after a few words of comfort, I went in search of Father . . . . , and how, while you made your confession to him, interrupted by the ribald jokes of the gentleman from the South who occupied the next mattress, I went off and recognized the body of Mr. Rush, by his red hair ; and how his body with that of a black bondswoman, the property of Dr. Whelan, of Washington, was sent up to the Church ; albeit she, poor creature, had no claims upon us but that of a common Faith ? I remember how, together with Father . . ., I went in search of the priest, who after making some desultory enquiries from strangers, as to whether any one needed his assistance ; if any Catholics were on the train ; did one say he wanted a priest : had gone home and was then sleeping peacefully unconscious of the suffering around him. I remember the Mass at 5 o'clock in the church,—two living, a Jesuit priest and a Jesuit Scholastic, and two dead, a Jesuit Scholastic and a slave negress, lying side by side ; no distinction before the Altar of the God of the black and the white, the free and the bond. Do you remember how, when you had been carried into a private room, while they changed your clothes, you tried, in Latin, to supplement the confession of the early morn, and how one of the surgeons told you what you were doing, and how you found out that he was a former student of Georgetown College, and how for weeks he used kindly to visit you and many a pleasant chat you had together ? I remember how I attended the coroner's inquest and took my first oath, swearing "this is the body of Henry Rush" when it was in reality the body of Hugh Rush. I remember how the people crowded round to view the corpse, and how it was not necessary for the coroner to say : " Stand back, my friends,

and allow the Reverend gentleman to identify the remains." Identify the remains? Not one day had passed since the immortal spirit had fled its casket and who could recognize a feature? Corruption had been busy in that one day. "Get it into the earth, sir, as soon as you can," was the officer's kind remark, as he handed me the permit to take possession of the body.

"You are deficient in Combativeness and Destructiveness, and are not adapted to a work of purely executive character," once wrote John L. Capen, the Phrenologist, concerning me. I wish he had seen me on the 30th of August, 1855, between the hours of nine and twelve. The Jerseymen of Burlington did not think I was wanting in combativeness. I remember how I took possession of a wagon, and ordered that coffin to be carried down to the depot at once, as if I owned Jersey and even America. I remember how I hastened to the office and sent a telegram which arrived as I was taking my dinner at St Joseph's. I remember how, when the train from New York came puffing and snorting up to the depot, my combative faculties were called into exercise. At first, the conductor refused to receive the body, the train was too heavily laden. "That coffin goes by this train," said I. "Well, then, it will have to go in the car next the engine and you'll have to stand and watch it." "No, sir, that coffin goes in the baggage car, and handle it carefully. I go in a passenger car." Mr. Capen, there was some executive ability in me; it only required to be called out. That coffin went safely to Camden, but here I was met with a difficulty.

The hearse I had telegraphed for had not arrived, as they had not received my telegram. Mr. Simon Gartland was there with a wagon for the remains of young Ingersoll, who, although apparently uninjured by the accident, had died in the cars between Burlington and Bordentown. Mr. Gartland asked permission of the Hon. Joseph to carry the body of Mr. Rush with that of his nephew. By the death

of this young man within a few days of his majority nearly a million dollars passed from the Ingersoll family. Whether soured by this fact or not, the permission was refused. Here was a difficulty indeed : a dead body under my care and no vehicle to carry it to the graveyard. All truly executive minds rise to the emergency. "Deny," says I to an Irishman, looking with eyes and a mouth that could hide away a pretty good sized praty, and whose name might be Patrick, or Barney, or even Mick, for all I knew. "Deny, you just please take the body Mr. Gartland has in his charge up to its destination. Mr. Gartland pays you. Now, Simon, put this body in your wagon, get a hack and follow us up to the Church." It was an act of cool impertinence, but agreeable considering the hot weather.

When the body arrived at the Church, Fathers Barbelin, Ryder and Tuffer followed it to St. Joseph's Cemetery and while two men dug the grave, they gave the final absolution. As the body reached the bottom of the grave, the coffin burst, and the remains of Hugh Rush mingled with holy earth. "Dust returned unto the earth, from whence it was, and the spirit returned to God who gave it."

(*To be continued.*)

POTTOWATTOMY INDIANS.

THEIR MIGRATIONS ;—THE MISSIONARIES WHO LIVED AMONGST THEM.

The full history of the Pottowattomy tribe of Indians would be an interesting chapter upon the subject of the aboriginal population that once held undisputed sway over this entire continent. It would throw light upon all this singular race, and the sad doom that seems to await them. The

following very general and somewhat desultory sketch may help towards calling to this subject the attention of scholars who have better resources than are within the writer's reach to treat it thoroughly. Some facts pertaining to the history of the Pottowattomies are it is believed, herein for the first time committed to print.

This tribe is frequently mentioned in the letters and narratives of the first missionaries to the regions about Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. In 1674, or the year after, Father Marquette discovered the upper *Mississippi*, a name which in the Algonquin language means *great river*, and not "father of waters," as erroneously rendered by some writers ; several Pottowatomies accompanied the illustrious missionary from Green Bay on his way to the Kaskaskias of the upper Illinois river ; but he was ice-bound and was detained sick all the winter near the Chicago river. The Pottowattomies are usually included in the Otchepowe or Algonquin group of Aborigines. Their language is free from harsh sounds, is quite musical, and is found by the missionaries to be capable of easy cultivation, and to possess much beauty.

This tribe seems to have dwelt mainly in the region between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and as far South as the St. Joseph river, in northern Indiana, where early in the present century they had above fifty villages. A division of the tribe known then as the " Prairie Indians " dwelt in the regions still further west ; they were nomadic, and wilder in their habits than those that inhabited the villages. The names of FF. Marquette, Lamarina, Le Franc, Dujaunais, and others, were still known, when the missionaries visited them in 1822, by the very children, through tradition of their parents, their grand and great grand sires as they roved the forests or fished upon the lakes. (*Catholic Miscellany, January 7th, 1824.*)

Father Dujaunais dwelt in Mackinaw from July 12th, 1742, to July 3d, 1765, when he was recalled to Quebec.

Up to this departure of the missionary from Mackinaw in 1765 the Christian Pottowattomies and their neighbors, the Ottowas, were visited regularly by the Fathers. But owing to the troubles between the English and French governments, and the suppression of the Jesuit Society in 1773, these Indian missions were rarely visited by priests, till 1821.

In 1804, the fierce Shawnee Chief, Tecumseh, started on his round among the Indian tribes upon both banks of the Mississippi, and along the lake shores, from Lake Superior to Lake Huron, in order to get up a combined movement for utterly exterminating the white population throughout the West. He was assisted by his twin brother, commonly called the "Prophet," whose incantations and jugglery added authority to Tecumseh's wild eloquence, and they succeeded in firing the red men of all the Northwest. The Pottowattomies caught the warlike spirit, and a portion of their braves took part in the battle of Tippecanoe on the banks of the Wabash river, in 1811, where a number of them were left dead on the field. (*See Dawson's Life of Harrison.*)

In 1807, General Hull signed a treaty by which the Pottowattomies were permanently located in Lower Michigan and Northern Indiana, and all the region about the St. Joseph river was assigned to them. They signed another treaty with Governer Cass at Chicago, in 1821, in which they stipulated that the United States government should send them a Catholic priest. Father Richard was among the tribes of Michigan about this time, and visited the spot where Marquette died, and planted a cross upon it, carving on it with a penknife this inscription, "Fr. J. H. Marquette died here on the 9th of May, 1675." He lived in that vicinity, owing to head winds, for ten days, and sang High Mass over Fr. Marquette's supposed grave. Fr. Marquette's remains, as is now well known, were taken up two years after his death, were incased in a coffin of birch bark and removed to St. Ignace at Mackinaw, where they were buried under the church.

It was perhaps the treaty of Chicago that led to Fr. Badin, the great Missionary of Kentucky, being sent to the Pottowattomies in 1822. Father Richard was elected a delegate to Congress from Michigan in 1823, and through him thirty chiefs presented a petition to Congress for a Jesuit Missionary. The following extract from the *Catholic Miscellany* of 1824, gives the text of that petition, along with some interesting particulars connected with it. A letter from Father Baxter, of Georgetown College, D. C., to a friend in England, premises the petition :

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, Dec. 12th, 1823.

Rev. and Dear Friend :

I have procured for your inspection a copy of a petition presented to Congress this session, from the Indians who live in the Michigan Territory. In order to give you some idea of the following petition, I must observe that Michigan, which is not yet a *State*, but only a Territory of the United States, has chosen the Rev. Mr. Richard, a French clergyman, of excellent character, both in a religious and literary point of view, to represent them in this XVIII. Congress. This fact will sound curiously to English ears. Mr. R. had labored long among the Indians bordering upon the Lakes, and they have given him their implicit confidence. When they knew he was to be the representative of the Michigan territory, they assembled, drew up the following petition, requested him to present it to Congress, and signed it in their Indian manner. You know that they cannot write, and that they have very few christian names. They generally take the name of some beast, bird or fish, and the designation on paper of these animals, constitutes their signature. The following petition these Indian chiefs have signed, by making a rude resemblance of the animal by which they chose to be designated. Mr. Richard has lent me the original petition. I have it now before me, and I have procured the assistance

of one of our best engravers to copy with a pen the respective signatures, and to transcribe the petition for me. . . .

Your most devoted friend,

R. Baxter.

COPY OF THE PETITION :

" We, the undersigned chiefs, heads of families, and others, of the tribe of the Ottowas, residing at Waganakisi (the Arbre Croche, i. e. the crooked tree), on the lower eastern shore of Lake Michigan, take this mode to communicate our wants and wishes to our most respected father, the President of the United States.

We return our best thanks to our father and to Congress for his and their exertions to bring us, your very affectionate children, to civilization, and to the knowledge of Jesus, the Redeemer of the red skins as well as of the white people.

Trusting on your paternal affection, we come forward, and claiming the liberty of conscience, we most earnestly pray, that you may be pleased to let us have a teacher, or Minister of the Gospel belonging to the same denomination of Christians to which did belong the members of the Catholic Missionary Society of St. Ignatius, established at Michilimackinac, or at the Arbre Croche by Fr. Marquette and others, of the Order of the Jesuits. During a great many years they resided amongst us, occupied and cultivated a field on our own ground, and instructed our fathers in the first principles of Christianity and agriculture.

Such teachers we have long since wished, and continue to wish, to have. Such teachers appointed by your paternal affection, we invite to come and settle on the same spot, formerly occupied, until the year 1766, by Father Duganny (Dujaunais), that is to say, on the shore of Lake Michigan, near the lower end of our village at the Arbre Croche.

For so doing and granting to us, your devoted children, this their humble petition, we will forever feel very grateful, and pray the Great Spirit to bless you and your white children. In witness whereof we have made our *tautions* (marks) on this day, the 12th of August, A. D. 1823." (Here follow thirty signatures as described in Fr. Baxter's letter.)

In 1822, Fr. Badin established a congregation among the Pottowattomies, on the St. Joseph river ; and from this time forth they were never again entirely without spiritual aid. In 1833, Fr. Deseilles having already devoted his large patrimony in Belgium to this mission, came himself to live and die among these wild men of the Michigan forests. He greatly improved the Indians, both temporally and spiritually, teaching them to cultivate the fields, to build commodious houses, and to observe the rules and practices of Christian life. At the death of this worthy priest his place was taken by Rev. Father Petit, from the diocese of Vincennes.

In 1837, Michigan was admitted into the Union as a State ; and in pursuance of policy already acted upon in the admission of other States, the Indians were removed from their reservations in the new State to territorial domains under the immediate jurisdiction of the general government. The Pottowattomies were reluctant to depart from their comfortable homes in Michigan and Northern Indiana for an inhospitable wilderness beyond the western border of Missouri. But for the influence of Rev. Mr. Petit over their minds, nothing but force could have induced them to obey the order for their removal, to the Indian Territory, which included the present State of Kansas.

The great body of the tribe started to their new home in 1838, accompanied by their chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Petit. The spot chosen for their settlement was about fifteen miles west of the Missouri boundary, on Sugar Creek, a small tributary of the north fork of the Osage river, about two hundred and forty miles west of St. Louis.

Rev. Mr. Petit having conducted his simple flock to this place was there but a short while before perceiving that exposure to the weather, and privations, were seriously affecting his health. He resolved on returning to Vincennes, and the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis were requested to take charge of the Indians on Sugar Creek, and of the Ottawas,

Miamis and other translated tribes dispersed over the circumjacent prairies. He got as far as St. Louis where he died at the St. Louis University early in 1839.

This request to the Jesuit fathers was made opportunely; for the Kickapoo mission, where now stands Fort Leavenworth, had just been abandoned, and thus there were several fathers who could be spared for new undertakings.

A young Kickapoo chief, who would not brook the restraints which religion imposes on passion, published himself among his people to be a seer. He ultimately succeeded by craft and specious lies in destroying the influence of the devoted fathers throughout the tribe, and thus alienating the savages from all practice of virtue or religion. The ascendancy which this arch-rogue acquired over the whole Kickapoo settlement was so great that he induced them in 1838 to move off to distant hunting grounds, and escape from their troublesome monitors. The fathers, finding that all their labors and sacrifices were lost on this band of incorrigible vagabonds, did not follow them in their wanderings, but shook the dust from their feet, and departed in quest of more inviting fields for their evangelical zeal.

This mission among the Kickapoos was established in 1836 by Father Charles Van Quickenborn, who died the following year at Portage des Sioux. FF. C. Hoecken, F. Verreydt and A. Eysvogels, all labored among the Kickapoos.

Father C. Hoecken succeeded the Rev. Mr. Petit in charge of the Pottowattomies at Sugar Creek, early in the year 1839. In the following April Father Aelen went to his assistance.

At the time of its transfer from Michigan the Pottowattomy tribe numbered about two thousand souls, according to the contemporaneous government reports of their census; and of this number about one-third were Christians. Late in 1839 two hundred and fifty Christians, who had lingered in Michigan, joined their brethren on Sugar Creek.

They all regarded themselves as in banishment from their home, and they sighed and wept, and talked much of the more pleasant days they spent in the land where they left the bones of their fathers: it was saddening to listen to their lamentations.

Immediately after the arrival of the exiles they began the erection of a church, which was a rude structure of unhewn logs, but large enough for all to assemble in it at Divine Service. A lodge was erected for the chaplain, but it was without window or chimney, and the floor was of riven timbers, roughly adjusted, and uneven, necessitating both variety and precision of step in walking across the room. This cabin was the missionary's only house for two years.

Change of climate, unaccustomed habits, and the privations of a new settlement, caused much sickness and many deaths among the Indians during the first few months after their arrival at Sugar Creek. Father C. Hoecken was soon prostrated with disease, and was compelled to leave the rude hovel in which he was languishing, for St. Louis. After his return to the St. Louis University, which took place as early as May, 1839, all the duties of this difficult and far off post devolved on Fr. Aelen alone.

The church put up at their first arrival on Sugar Creek was a rude and insecure structure of logs, the work of only four weeks labor, in which, however, the men, women and children took part. In the beginning of 1840 it was determined to begin the erection of a more suitable church that would be commodious, safe, and of ample dimensions. They choose for its site a spot elevated one hundred feet above the plane of the glen through which the little stream flowed. The means for building were furnished by the United States government in accordance with a promise made when the Indians were required to move from Michigan. The church was dedicated with becoming display on Christmas day, 1840, beginning at midnight with the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, and a showy illumination.

A necessary appendix to a church is a school, and accordingly in 1841 the missionary gave his attention to the arrangements necessary for educating the children. Father Verhaegen, who was then Vice Provincial, applied to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart Society to delegate some of their members for this work, promising them as inducements, much hardship and little human comfort. These were decisive motives for the zealous ladies, and in July, 1841, four of them, with Madame Lucille Mathenvon as Superior, went to the Pottowattomy mission on Sugar Creek. When the Indians first beheld them, they were much struck at the dress and appearance of the ladies, and regarded them as beings come down from the skies. Their arrival was a triumph, all the population assembling to gaze at them, and to welcome them according to Indian style. Their first lessons to the Pottowattomy girls were listened to by all the nation; and their first class room was the shade of the wide spreading oaks. Instead of teaching courtly manners to the children of the great, as they could have done had they preferred it, these self-sacrificing religious women were now training sulky and indocile young savages in the first elements of human thought.

The Indians all united to provide, as soon as possible, becoming lodgings for these devoted teachers of their daughters, and within the space of two months a two story house of six rooms but rudely constructed was completed for them.

In July, 1851, Fr. Eysvogels was stationed at Sugar Creek, and Fr. Aelen was recalled to St. Louis, though he did not actually leave the mission till June, 1842. In 1841 a dwelling for the fathers, and a school-house for the boys, were begun, but they were not ready for occupancy till the following year. FF. Verreydt and C. Hoecken were sent to the mission in September, 1842, and in 1843, Fr. A. Hoecken, Verheydan and Soderini went as additional reinforcements. They were now able to establish missionary

stations among the Ottawas, Osages, Chippewas and Miamis; and such of the children of these tribes as were intrusted to their care were provided with schooling at the Pottowattomy Institutions, the government of the United States allowing seventy-five dollars per year for each child in the schools.

There were adult baptisms every Sunday, and the number of catechumens was rarely less than thirty. In the beginning of 1843 there were twelve hundred Christians at the Sugar Creek mission;* adding to this number one hundred and fifty christian Pottowattomies, the last still remaining at Pokegan, in Cass County, Michigan, the descendants and connexions of the noble chief Pokegan, and we have a number exceeding half the entire tribe who were then christians. Pokegan was both a pious christian and a brave warrior. He was the first of the Pottowattomies who, early in this century, invited the missionary to his wigwam. This last remnant of the tribe in Michigan occupied a tract of land granted and confirmed to Pokegan by the United States Government. The pagan Pottowattomies still in Michigan at this date were subsequently united to the main body of the tribe, their removal being accomplished under the guidance of Fr. Christian Hoecken, in 1852, after the tribe had gone to the new reservation on the Kaw river, known as St. Mary's Mission, made to them by the government in 1846. The christian Indians of Michigan, in 1852, who were civilized, had church and schools and comfortable lodges, wisely refused to accompany the five hundred pagans who then emigrated to the Kaw river. The cholera attacked the emigrants whilst on their way from the Missouri river to St. Mary's Mission. Bishop Miége hastened to their camp accompanied by a physician, and they rendered them such spiritual and bodily aid as

* In this estimate the Christians of the neighboring tribes seem to have been included in the reports given.

their condition demanded. They were much frightened, and were practising their pagan superstitions.

The history of the Pottowattomy tribe from 1846 to the present time will form an interesting narrative which Fr. Gailland alone can relate with minuteness and accuracy. He has kindly consented to undertake this task. This tribe is now losing its autonomy; its beautiful language is likely soon to perish.

The venerable Fr. Maurice Gailland, who has resided in the midst of this tribe, now for nearly thirty years, gives in a letter to the writer of this article, an interesting sketch of their language, both as to its history, and as to some outlines of its structure:

"The Pottowattomy language is a dialect of the Otchepowe. It has great affinity to the Ottawa, Sack, Kickapoo, Miami, Illinois, Shawnee and Menominee dialects. All these tribes originally constituted but one family or nation, the wide spread Otchepowe or Algonquin family, which in the course of time was subdivided into these different smaller tribes. They inhabited Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and a part of Canada.

"All the sounds in the Pottowattomy dialect are broad. It has all the letters of the English alphabet, except F, L, R, V. It has, besides, a letter which is unknown to English speaking people. It is a half aspirate, half guttural; and in order to pronounce it you must shut your throat and reopen it, which is gracefully done by the Indians. The vowels have the sounds which are usually given to them in the Latin language as pronounced on the continent of Europe, except the I, which has the sound which is given to it in English, v. g., in *mine*.

"In the Pottowattomy language there is no gender; but instead of gender its substantives or nouns are distinguished as *animate* or *inanimate*, and all substantives are included under these classes: v. g. spirits, men, animals are all animate; but among the plants, some are animate, and some

are inanimate; for instance the pea is inanimate, also the melon; but the bean and the potato are animate; tobacco is animate. Simple elements are inanimate; silk and lightning are animate. Animate nouns, in the plural number, all terminate in *k;* the inanimate nouns of the plural number terminate in *n.*

"There are the following cases of the nouns: the nominative, the genitive or possessive, locative, vocative, and *dependent* cases. The dative and accusative cases are always like the nominative. The *vocative* sometimes differs from the nominative, and is sometimes of the same form with it; for example, they say, nenne man, voc. nenne plural, nennewok men, voc. nennituk; nigwes, my son, voc. nigwesè.

"The *locative* case expresses the place where a thing is, or also a similarity; thus, pokwè, ashes; pokwig, in the ashes; pokwig ishè nakwet, it is like ashes. The genitive or possessive case is formed by prefixing the possessive personal pronoun; okùma, the chief; nitokumam, my chief; miseniùkin a book; nimisiniùkin, my book. Sometimes the substantive in the possessive case is quite different from that substantive in its primary form: nekitoshkisha, yikwam, horse; "do you see that horse?" kiwapimanè o nekitoshkisha "Do you see my horse?" Kiwapimanè nidiyikwam?

"The *dependent* case is an animate noun depending in the construction of the sentence on a third person or a third animate noun. "Did you see my horse?" kikiwapimanè nitiyikyam? "did you see his horse?" kikiwapimanè otiyikwam? A cow is pishùke the dependent is, pishukowim; "I made the dog drive away the cow;" nigikikatona onemosh ewi yatinashkowat pishùkowin: "cow" here depends in the construction on dog, a sort of third person.

"As to adjectives, there are, properly speaking, none in the Pottowattomy language. What we call "adjective" is either a particle affixed to the substantive, as mino, mitchè, etc.; for example, nichinabe, is a man, minonickinabè is a

good man ; mitchenichinabe, a bad man ; or, the adjective meaning is expressed by changing a substantive into a verb. Nor are there in this language any auxiliary verbs ; what the auxiliary expresses in other tongues, is all contained in the verb itself.

"The Pottowattomy has this other nice peculiarity ; it has two first persons, as well as having the second and third persons in common with other languages. It has a first first person and a second first person ; the first first excludes all except the speaker : the second first person includes the persons spoken to. These two persons are expressed by different prefixes or affixes."

The following letter from Father Gailland gives some additional details in reference to the language of the tribe which will interest those readers who are fond of comparative philology :

ST. MARY, May 21st, 1874.

Rev'd. and Dear Father Hill :

P. X.

I continue my observations on the Pottowattomie language : First, there is this peculiarity in our language, that the personal pronoun is joined as a prefix to the verb, whilst in Hebrew it is joined to the same as an affix. The personal pronouns are *ni*, *ki*, *o*, *Ni* or *ki*, *ki*, *o* : for instance, they say, *ni*wapima, I see him ; *ki*-wapima, thou seest him ; *o*wapiman, he sees him ; plural, *Ni*wapimamin, we, not you to whom I speak, see him ; *ki*-wapimamin, we, I and you, see him ; *ki*wapimawa, you see him ; *o*wapimawan, they see him. In the neutral verbs the pronoun representing the third person is omitted : *ni*yaki-noka, I am sick ; yakinoke, he is sick.

The Pottowattomie has four moods : the indicative, the imperative, the subjunctive, the infinitive.

It has a great many voices, which are indicated by a little inflection of the same word.

1. The *active* voice animate or inanimate; with the object in the singular or plural number; niwapima, I see him —niwapimak, I see them—niwapitan, I see it—niwapitanin, I see them, namely, objects inanimate.

2. The *passive* voice: niwapimeko—niwapimekon with an object inanimate.

3. The *relative* voice, that is, the verb in reference to different pronouns: niwapimuk, he sees me; kiwapim, thou seest me; niwapimukonanek, they see us. This is the hardest part of the language, on account of the multiplied relations of the different personal pronouns.

4. *Neutral* voice: niwapitim, I am conscious that I see; niwapitcheke, I see; niwapitchekas, I am seen.

5. The *reflexive* voice: niwapites, I see myself.

6. The *reciprocal* voice: wapitig, they see each other.

7. The *dubitative*: niwapimatuk, I think I see him, but I am not sure.

8. The *simulative* voice: niwapitamokas, I pretend to see, but in reality I do not see; niyakinoka, I am sick; niyakinokekas, I pretend to be sick, but I am not.

9. The *humiliative* voice: niwepineke, I confess my sins; niwepinekech, I wretched, miserable old sinner, make my confession. It is a nice way of showing self-contempt, which is shown during the whole course of conversation.

10. The *frequentative* voice: it expresses the frequent repetition of the action signified by the verb, niwapima, I see him; niwawapima, I see him over and over again; kumówin, it rains; kumókumówin, it rains often. If the vowel of the first syllable is long, the frequentative is formed by the reduplication of the first syllable; if it is short, then the frequentative is formed by reduplicating the first two syllables of the verb.

11. The *dependent* voice: When the subject of the verb is in the dependent case, the verb undergoes a special inflection—his children came, onitchanisin piy*en* instead of piy*ek*.

12. The *absolute* voice: they say *ketom* instead of ketiwog, they see; wapitam, instead of wapitamog; wapima, they see him.

13. The *historical* voice: When a man relates facts of which neither he, nor those to whom he speaks, have been eye witnesses, the perfect and pluperfect tenses undergo a special modification: kiketo, he said; jesos kiketikókipin.

14. The *negative* voice: When the verb is accompanied with a negation it undergoes a change in the indicative mood—niwapima, I see him; tcho niwapimasi, I do not see him; kiwapimin, I see thee; tcho kiwapimesinon, I do not see thee.

15. *Inanimate* voice: piya miket, it comes; nitchiwenimo, he or she rejoices; nitchiwenimomiket, it rejoices.

The Indians, although rude and uneducated, respect the rules of euphony in their speeches, so, for instance, instead of saying, niyakinoka, I am sick, they say, nidakinoka; instead of kiyakinoka, they say, kitakinoka, for euphony's sake.

For the same reason, in certain cases, in order not to offend the ears with harsh sounds, they commute consonants into corresponding ones. Thus *b* is changed into *p*, *g* into *ke*, *d* into *t*, *s* into *z*.

Euphony requires also sometimes a change of vowels: so *i* long is changed into *a* long, *e* short into *e* broad, as the French *e*, *o* long is changed into *oa*, *a* into *ya*.

Next week I will try to answer your other questions.

Yours in Xst,

M. Gailland, S. J.

P. S.—In Pottowattomie you can express distinctly whether the object in question consist in action or word, or thought; for instance kijeminito signifies the Great Spirit. Now if I say niGijeminittoa, I say I treat him as God; if I say niGijeminitoma, I simply say that I confess him to be God. If I say, ni Gejeminitowenima, I say, that truly I believe him to be God.

JOHN BAXTER, S. J.

To the religious, a recital of the virtues that are practised in the shade of the hidden life is always refreshing and edifying. It is with this view that we have undertaken to sketch the life of our brother, John Baxter, who died but a short time ago at the Novitiate in Frederick, and have attempted to weave a modest garland, before they fade, of the fond memories that cluster round his name in our hearts. Would that they could catch a little of the sweet fragrance of virtue which exhaled from his every action, and which still lingers, as we love to believe, round the calm and peaceful scenes that witnessed his life.

John Baxter (Van Boxstael in his native Flemish) was born April 27th, 1854, in the town of Alost, Flanders. His mother, as he himself described her to the novices of Frederick, was a "woman of the country," full of that strong, simple faith and earnest piety which form the glory and the safeguard of Catholic Belgium. What wonder Belgian sons are brave, generous and self-sacrificing, when Belgian mothers are so pious, so Catholic, and so devoted! As he advanced in years, John was sent to a boarding college to receive his education, but was soon recalled by his father's death to become, at the age of eighteen, the head of the family, consisting of his mother and two sisters. At the time of his father's death, his parents kept a small store in Alost, which with John's faithful assistance, his widowed mother still continued to carry on. At the same time he attended the classes of our college in the same town, where he made excellent progress in his studies, always holding a good position in his class and showing a special aptitude for languages.

All this time he gave proofs of the most sincere and solid piety. Every morning during his childhood, according to the beautiful Flemish custom, he knelt down and asked his mother's blessing. We have his own word that he always tried to perform his studies in the presence of God. Early each morning, while yet the dew was on the grass, after attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, he would hurry away to some retired piece of woods and there practise his French declamation, etc., unnoticed and undisturbed. But the most prominent characteristic of his devotion and that which seemed gradually to increase and grow within him until it penetrated his whole being and absorbed his whole life, was the desire to become a missionary.

John was for a long time undecided as to the particular sphere of missionary labor in which God called him to exercise his zeal. Should he join the Society in Belgium, and afterwards ask to be sent to the foreign missions? But his request might not be granted. Should he become a member of some other Order or Congregation devoted especially to the conversion of the heathen? What did God require of him? These were anxious questions which he put to himself and to the solution of which, besides frequent consultations with his director, he devoted two retreats, made in successive years, at our Novitiate of Tronchiennes. He was now making his rhetoric. On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, March 19, 1873, at the end of a novena he had made with this intention, he received a response from the Saint in the shape of a letter from a near relative, who had joined the Society in the U. S., and who wrote that if he wished to enter the Society in this country there was no necessity for further delay. Overjoyed by this solution of his difficulty, having made, by the advice of his director, another novena to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph, which only served to strengthen and inflame his resolution still more, and after some trouble caused by the law of conscription in Belgium, he set sail from the port of

Ostend, and landed at New York, June 23, 1873. On the 25th of the same month, he entered our Novitiate at Frederick, the peaceful retreat which was to shelter his remaining days; days so few in number, so hidden from the eyes of the world, but full of merits and graced in the sight of God with numberless victories, more glorious and more unfading than any that mail-clad warrior or laurelled conqueror ever achieved.

Brother Baxter, as he was henceforth called, entered upon his novitiate in the dispositions with which it may be said that most novices leave it. Thanks to his simple, docile, yet manly and earnest character, and to the pure Catholic influence and pious training to which he had been constantly subjected, both at home and at college, he had no bad habits to eradicate, no repugnance to overcome, no waverings of the will to disturb him. He embraced this higher, purer spiritual life which was opening before his delighted gaze, with his whole heart and soul, "exulting as a giant to run his course." Nothing could daunt him. No menial office, however repulsive to nature, could disgust him; no command, however unreasonable in appearance, could shake his good will; no humiliation, however bitter it might be, could disturb his serenity. He soon surpassed most of his companions, even those who were in their second year of novitiate. Nor was this first fervor soon to grow cold and die away, as is so often the case: on the contrary, it went on increasing in intensity, even to his death. So he spent the first months of his novitiate, winning all hearts by his amiability and light-heartedness; edifying all by his minute observance of every, even the least, rule or custom, and by his intense, fervent piety; pleasing and charming by his sprightly, yet almost exclusively spiritual conversation; aiding, encouraging and assisting by his example, his words, his prayers.

On Ash Wednesday, March 23, the novices commenced their long retreat. It is needless to say that, after such a

preparation, the Exercises were made by Brother Baxter in the best possible manner and that they produced their full effect. We do not pretend to decide whether, among the communications he received from God during this thirty days of silence and prayer, there was any presentiment of his approaching end, but it is certain that his note book of this retreat is full of reflections on death, and in recalling to mind his conversation, the same subject occupies the most prominent position. God was about to pluck this flower in all its dewy freshness and early beauty, leaving behind only the sweet perfume of his virtues to tell that it had bloomed amongst us. On Easter Sunday the summons came. That evening he felt unwell and did not go to recreation in the garden with the other novices, but spent the evening with Father De Wolf, a fellow-countryman of his own, who was at that time sick in the infirmary. Next morning, his desk, at which he never failed to be present at the signal for any duty, was empty. He had been taken down by a sudden attack of pneumonia on both lungs, accompanied with fever. Tuesday evening the news of his great danger fell among us like a thunderbolt. Still more profound was the impression the following morning, when Fr. Rector, before the usual exhortation, begged our prayers for Bro. Baxter, who, according to the doctor's opinion was on his way to eternity. Shortly after this he received his vows, and at about 10 A. M. the last sacraments were administered to him in the presence of all the novices of the second year, the junior scholastics and several fathers of the community. From this time, the novices took turns in watching at his bedside. His fever was violent, the pain in his chest continual, his breathing hoarse and labored, and he himself expected, though without reason, to die whenever the cough attacked him ; yet he bore his great sufferings with the utmost patience and fortitude, never once complaining, and only turning his eyes towards Heaven, after any unusually violent paroxysm.

Still he lingered on, endeavoring through obedience to catch a little sleep, yet constantly praying; now invoking the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and Blessed Margaret Mary, and now murmuring broken ejaculations, sometimes in English, sometimes in French. When anyone entered his room he greeted him with a nod and a smile that was bright, indeed, but oh! so different from his former self. To his fellow novices who visited him he spoke earnestly, exhorting them to cherish tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord, to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and promising to pray for them when he should be in Heaven. He said that it was a great consolation to him that he had never once wilfully violated the least rule or custom of the Novitiate. As he was speaking in this manner, with considerable effort, to one of the novices who was alone with him at the time, the brother infirmarian entered and requested the novice not to require him to talk, as the doctor had given orders that he should try to sleep. The infirmarian going out, the novice asked Bro. Baxter if he could speak to him. "Brother," he answered, "do not allow me to go before my God with the slightest imperfection: let me only obey with blind obedience—I took my vows to-day." Then after remaining silent for a few minutes, he said, "If you have anything particular to say, go and ask permission, and I will speak to you." The novice went out, but not finding anyone, returned and sat quietly near the bed. Bro. Baxter closed his eyes and remained silent, faithful to his rule even to the last. So the weary hours dragged on, all Wednesday afternoon, through the night and until late Thursday morning. When hope was expressed that our Lord would spare him, he said, "As He wills." When the clock struck in the corridor, startling him from a half doze, he exclaimed; "I thought it was time!" During the night he was frequently delirious. In the morning he recovered the full use of his senses but began to sink rapidly, and it was evident to all

that the end was nigh. A glass of wine was ordered by the doctor, to support his strength. He drank a little and positively refused to take the rest, saying it would go to his head; but it needed only the word "Obedience," from Fr. Rector's lips to make him swallow it all to the last drop. It was feared from his strong frame and robust constitution and from the violence of the disease which was hurrying him away, that his agony would be long and severe; but it was not so. At about 10.15 A. M. he again lost the use of his senses and within half an hour at 10.40 he calmly and peacefully yielded up his pure soul into the hands of its Creator. A smile full of peace and joy lit up his features as the icy hand of death fell upon them, seeming to tell of the eternal gates opening before the eyes of his departing soul, and of angelic choirs descending to meet him. A moment after the solemn tolling of the *De Profundis* bell sounded through the house and all were on their knees; but it was rather with the desire of asking his prayers, than of offering petitions for him, so confident were all that his spirit had flown straight to the loving bosom of his Father and his God.

Bro. Baxter may be considered one more of those numerous examples of youthful sanctity and early perfection which adorn the Society of Jesus. His virtue was of no ordinary kind; or rather, though common in the matter on which it was exercised, it was extraordinary in degree. In many things, he was the counterpart of his fellow-countryman, Blessed John Berchmans, whom he strove faithfully to imitate. Like him the purity of his soul was preserved to the highest degree. We think there were few intimately acquainted with him who would not willingly affirm their belief that his innocence never suffered the stain of a mortal sin. Like him he seemed to live in another world, to breathe a higher, purer atmosphere than other men, and never to yield, even in the slightest degree, to the dictates of poor human nature. His self-mortification was constant, ingenious and unflinching. His life was wholly supernatu-

ral and he seemed to be absorbed in continual prayer, even while performing his exterior duties with the utmost attention and exactness.

This spirit of prayer seemed to increase and absorb him more and more, as the time of his death approached. We saw it, but we could not tell that it was the last deepening flush of the sun about to set; we could not see that it was the swifter, broader sweep of the stream about to empty itself into the Eternal Ocean whence it came. But when the demands of charity or obedience came to interrupt this interior union with God, by obliging him to communicate with others, it was easy to see from his considerate kindness, his frank gaiety, his sprightly, yet never trifling or useless conversation, that this was but another effect of the same spirit of God which animated his prayer. He showed the same love for his vocation, the same ardent zeal, the same unwearying charity as his blessed model; like him, he was grave and serious, yet always serene; and if, in time of silence, his gravity seemed to be somewhat too rigidly maintained when some incident occurred which might seem to call for a smile, this was amply compensated by his constant cheerfulness at other times.

But his greatest point of resemblance to B. Berchmans, was the extraordinary perfection with which he performed the smallest actions. He seemed to have adopted the motto that it is not in uncommon things that perfection consists, but in doing common things in an uncommon manner. Did he recite a little prayer before beginning one of his ordinary duties: it was with a fervor and recollection that was little less than angelic and that seemed to surround his face with a seraphic radiance. Did he take holy water on entering or leaving the room; it was with the same attention and devotion that another might have shown in receiving Holy Communion. Every one of his duties, spiritual or corporal, was performed with the greatest care, attention and purity of intention that he could

possibly attain. This it was that made his days full days; that heaped up the measure of his merits so quickly.

God grant that his example may find many imitators, and that, as in life his justice flourished like the lily, so in death it may be as the odor of the balsam, drawing many to the ways of virtue and of peace. *Sancti tui, Domine, florebunt sicut lilium; et sicut odor balsami erunt ante te.*

OSAGE MISSION.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,
JULY 1st, 1874.

DEAR FATHER:

To give you an idea of the way in which our western missions have been established, increased, and kept up till this day, I will write down an abridged account of the method which we adopted from the very beginning, a method which proved to be successful, and has been a means in the hands of God of propagating our holy Religion through these vast regions of Southern Kansas, which we have always considered our missionary district, leaving the northern part of the State to our Fathers of St. Mary's Mission among the Pottowattomies, up on Kansas river. Having myself resided at this mission now over twenty-three years, I have been, not only an eye-witness, but also an actor in most of what I shall relate, and thus will give you light to understand the map which I made to show you the field of our operations.

When this mission was first established, Kansas was but a wild country, an Indian territory, where, with the excep-

North
Longitude west from Greenwich
Cerographical Map
of Missionary Stations
established by the fathers of the Society of Jesus
residing at the Osage Mission
in Neosho County State of Kansas
under the patronage of
St Francis de Hieronymo
from the year of the Lord
1847 to 1874.
KANSAS
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
INDIAN TERRITORY
Kansas City
Missouri River
BOUGLAS
PATERNS
BIARICE
CHASE
OSAGE
HOWARD
CHEROKEE
CREEK
COMANCHES
Explanations
Longitude west from Washington
South
East

tion of some few trading posts, you could not find a white man's house. Various tribes of Aborigines were then living in this Territory; the Osages were the most important nation, numbering at that time some seven thousand souls. They claimed the best part of Southern Kansas, namely, all the land lying south of what I have called the 5th parallel, which runs nearly half way between the 38th and 37th degrees of north latitude, forming a reservation some fifty-five miles north and south, and some three hundred and fifty miles east and west.

As early as 1827, the Osages, having left the State of Missouri, formed settlements on the banks of the Neosho River. Of these, the principal was at the confluence of a small stream which, being at a distance of four miles from this mission, is called Four Mile Creek. Here Father Charles Van Quickenborn visited them, and though he exercised his holy ministry in the midst of them, yet he did not select any special location for a mission. The Osages having succeeded in obtaining a Catholic mission from the United States Government, Father Felix Verreydt, S. J., was sent by our Superior to look up a suitable place for buildings, and his choice fell on this very spot which we now occupy. Then the U. S. Indian Agent, for the Osages, built two very poor log houses for the accommodation of the missionaries. These houses were hardly finished, when Father Xavier de Coen, S. J., was sent here to inspect them. He approved what had been done, and officially received them. All that was now left to do was to occupy them, and Father John Schoenmakers, S. J., was appointed Superior of the mission, which was placed in a special manner under the patronage of St. Francis de Hieronymo. Father John B. Bax, S. J., was given Father J. Schoenmakers as a companion, and he was also allowed three coadjutor brothers to take care of the house and farm.

They reached this place on the 29th of April, 1847, and on the 10th of May, under the auspices of the Immaculate

Virgin Mother of God, this manual labor school for the education of Osage children was inaugurated with a small number of Indian boys in attendance as boarders.

The Osages now visit our mission every day, and show themselves well pleased with the progress of their children. These in fact were doing very well, and promised a good deal, but it was useless for us to expect the education of a few boys would work any permanent improvement in the Osage youth, unless some provisions were also made for the education of girls. For this reason Father J. Schoenmakers, during the spring, went to Kentucky to pay a visit to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Louisville ; and having succeeded in obtaining from him the assistance of some few Sisters of Loretto, who were willing to consecrate themselves to the tedious and laborious task of educating Indian girls, he returned here to prepare them a house. In a short time all was ready, and on the 5th of October of that very year, 1847, the Sisters of Loretto opened their Convent near this mission, and on the same day began their school with twenty-five Osage girls as boarders.

Now everything being set in good running order, it became our duty to visit the Osages in their different towns, scattered all along the Neosho as well as the Verdigris rivers. But how could we visit them and neglect their friends and connections : I mean the Kansas, Quapaws, and Cherokee Indians, who are their kindred tribes ? How could we pass over and neglect the Miamis, Peorias, Weas and Piankeshaws, amongst whom a mission had just been established by our Fathers, but unfortunately, after a few months, had been abandoned ? And, in fact, our missionary cares did gradually extend to these tribes, and we began to visit them occasionally.

But here again, who does not know that wherever there are Indian reservations, there are also to be found laborers and mechanics, white people of different nationalities, amongst whom you frequently meet with Catholics ? This

being the case here, it followed that while we were taking care of the Indians, we were also bound to assist these few Catholic mechanics, and, as in many instances, these people had their families and connexions living in the western country of Missouri, bordering on Kansas, so we also could not refuse to go and visit them sometimes in the year to baptize their children, bless their marriages, and offer to all an opportunity of complying with their christian duties. This was so just and reasonable that the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis not only approved of it, but gave us all faculties we needed in the discharge of our missionary duties.

So it came to pass that whenever we had any time to spare, especially when the whole body of our Osages were far away in the west, hunting buffalos, we would visit now one, then another of the western counties of Missouri, and do all we could to help the Catholics living there. One visit calling for another, by degrees we began to visit them with some order, till at last we formed amongst them regular missionary stations.

Since the opening of Kansas, in 1854, many Catholics having come to settle in our eastern counties, it became our duty to visit them occasionally; and so new missionary stations were opened upon our border counties, till every county had its own. Finally, at the close of the late war, the Osages ceded to the U. S. Government all their reservations west of the Verdigris river, and so a new and very extensive territory was opened to immigration, and at the same time a new field for our missionary labors. As soon as our missionary stations began to be rich enough to put up a new church, we went to work and built it. Here new congregations were started, and these by degrees, one after another, were transferred to our Rt. Rev. Bishop, who placed them under the care of Secular Priests.

So, through our missions, the Catholic religion has been established in twenty-seven counties, as you can see by the

map I send you. Ours has been the work of pioneers, a hard and rough work, but we hope not the less meritorious before God. For nearly twenty-five years we have never had more than three priests residing at this mission ; and so only one of us could attend the stations abroad. Some two years since, thanks be to God, one other Father was sent to assist us, and so we are now able to attend to our missionary stations with more regularity. However, we are by no means equal to the need, for here in truth we can say : "*messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.*"

As for the Indians, formerly living on their reservations within the boundaries of this State, they are all gone, and nothing is left of them in Kansas but their names, perpetuated by here and there either a county or a city, a river or a creek. The Indians have all now moved into the Indian Territory south of us, and though that country, is under the jurisdiction of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas, yet he kindly allows us to execute our missionary duties amongst them.

When the Osages left our mission they were thought by many to know nothing about the value of Christian education, and the practice of religion. Protestants are taking care of them now since 1869, and though they have tried by all imaginable means to destroy the love and esteem they have for the Roman Catholic Church ; though they have tried by presents, promises and threats to induce them to embrace Protestantism, they have so far met with nothing but failure ; and two only, both notorious scoundrels, *are supposed* to have given up the Catholic faith in which they had been raised.

An Osage woman was, last winter, afflicted by a very severe sickness. When she was given up, and expected to die in a few hours, one of these apostates came to visit her, and after talking a good deal of nonsense, wished the dying woman to join him in his new belief. People thought that the poor woman had already lost the use of her mind, but

it was not so ; she listened to the wretched man for a while, but losing all patience, at last, with an effort, almost supernatural, she sat up, and said to him : "Go away from me, you old rascal ; I know you well ! What have you to do with me ? Do you think that I will give up my faith to please you ? Never ! never ! I learned my holy religion from Father Schoenmakers, and I hope I shall keep it till I die. Now I want to have nothing to do with you ; go away from here quickly, and let me alone !" The wicked man was forced to leave the room. It was then towards evening, and the sick woman raising her voice as loud as she could, recited again and again all the prayers she knew, especially the Hail Mary, to the great astonishment of all those that were present, especially Protestants, who wondered how such a poor woman could have such a strong faith. Her faith saved her ; she recovered.

All kind of allurements, and even seductions, have been offered to the Osages to induce them to attend Protestant worship on Sunday, but the half-breeds as well as the full-blooded refuse to attend. The Agent, seeing that he cannot allure them, has even tried to punish them for not complying with his wishes, but to no purpose. Some time ago he threatened several that, if they would not attend Protestant worship on Sundays, he would withdraw from them their wages by putting them out of employment. But these men, though ignorant Indians, simply replied that they would rather lose their wages than act against their conscience. Their answer was a noble one ; but the result was that they were thrown out of employment. This is turning into real persecution ; far, however, from doing any harm to the Catholic portion of the Osages, it has rather done them good, for since they begin to be abused on account of their religion, they seem to appreciate it more and more. This spring I visited them twice, and I felt really happy in seeing the majority of them comply with their Easter duty. Indeed, they edified me very much

by their piety and devotion. And here I must relate something quite wonderful which took place on this occasion.

Having got through visiting the Osage settlements around the Agency, which is on Bird Creek, at a place called Deep Ford, I came to pass the night in a large half-breed settlement on Cony, and sent word all around inviting the people to come to me on the next morning at a certain house where I would say Mass to give them an opportunity of making their Easter. They all came on the next morning, and nearly all received the Holy Eucharist. Among these there was a young woman who had been, for over two weeks, suffering a good deal from some ulcers on her tongue, in consequence of which she could not eat, and the pain of hunger was worse than the disease. Now when she heard that I was going to say Mass, she determined to come and receive her Easter Communion. So she did, and wonderful to say, at the very moment the Sacred Host touched her tongue she felt she was perfectly cured. After Mass she was invited to breakfast, and she eat as hearty as if she had never had any soreness in her mouth. She herself declared the fact to me before two witnesses.

As regards the new Reservation on which the Osages are at present, it is indeed a most beautiful piece of land, nearly fifty miles square. The land is well timbered, and irrigated by many fine streams, and is excellent for farming. Several families, following the example of the half breeds, devote themselves to agriculture, and this year made good improvements. But the majority of this nation still depend on the buffalos which they hunt on the far western plains. This last winter they had a very good hunt, killing over ten thousand buffalos; so that altogether their condition is not bad. Indeed their condition would be a very good one were it not for the annoyances to which they are subjected by the bigotry of those officers and missionaries, who should try to assist them.

The worst of the grievances now endured by the Osages

is that of being deprived of a Catholic mission and school for their children; and this in spite of all the promises made to them by the President of the United States and by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This last gentleman, in order to induce them to send their children to a new school built last summer at their agency, and placed under the control of Quaker missionaries, promised the Osages that their children should never be interfered with in matters of religion, and the teachers he had given them should never have any religious form of worship for them. The Osages believed the words of the Commissioner, and during last fall brought forty-five of their children to that school. For a few weeks all went well enough, and no opposition was offered to the religion of the children. But after a little while these good teachers forgot all their promises, and on a certain Sunday called all the children to their religious meeting, and have since forced them to attend such meetings on every Sunday. This proceeding excited good deal of dissatisfaction among the Osages, who did not expect such bad faith in persons they considered respectable.

One other great objection the Osages have to their Quaker school, is that in it their children, boys as well as girls, are raised all together, and left together nearly the whole day to do just what they please, without anybody watching them. Some may think that Indians are not very particular about the morality of their children; but they mistake in so judging, for amongst Indians in general, there is more morality and self-respect than in many of the white settlements. In consequence of all this some thirty children have left the school during this spring, and the few remaining are not likely to stay there much longer.

I could wish to write more on this subject now, but enough for the present. Yours in Christ,

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O.
October, 1874.

Rev. and Dear Father,

P. C.

The even run of our College life here has not been marked, during the last eight months, by events of any great importance. One of the first weeks in Lent was taken up with a general Mission in our Church. Father Weninger was the solitary missioner; and without limiting himself to the men alone, as Fr. Walsh had done in the memorable retreat of the previous year, he managed to get through all his work in nine days. The confessions of the four different classes, married women, young women, married men, young men, were heard at different times during the mission; so that, on about the third day all the married women made their general Communion; about the fifth, the young women; then the married men; finally, the young men. These general Communions were very impressive, The communicants were led in lines from the pews by a couple of Acolytes, with lighted torches; and when they had communicated were led back in the same way, between two new lines of other communicants, that were just approaching. That one idea of two Acolytes, each with a lighted torch, heading a procession, whether approaching or receding from the Communion rail, was quite a feature. I have heard that in some parts of Europe they are called "the Angels."

The moment for distributing the Holy Communion was always a great one with the missioner. He addressed them

in the warmest language, and then kneeling down before the ciborium, open in the Priest's hand, he addressed our Lord in his own most fervent way. Thereupon the Priests began to distribute the Holy Communion, while Fr. Weninger went down the Church to superintend. He did not allow them to approach the Holy Eucharist at all, except at his own stated times. The mission began on Sunday, the second in Lent. On the following Wednesday, the day for the married women, there were fourteen hundred Communions. How many of these were over and above the number of that class alone, is not apparent; and so on the other days. Thursday, the day for young women, had nine hundred Communions; Friday, for none in particular, six hundred; Sunday for the married men, thirteen hundred; Monday, for the young men, fifteen hundred.

The mission closed with the erection of a Mission-Cross. The Church was thronged to suffocation. A couple of women had to be carried out.

Our Church, meanwhile, is receiving an architectural addition, which will make it remarkable. It has, thus far, been without a steeple. Last year its interior underwent a thorough renovation, in the way of painting and general decoration; now the plan for a steeple has been submitted and accepted. In height it will be 307 feet; and the spire alone, from the top of the square tower, will be about one-half of that height. The whole is to be of stone, and the spire will receive a special beauty from the ornamented openings which are in its whole length. However, the bids which the stone contractors made were rather high—like the steeple. So a division was necessary in the work: for the present the square tower only will be constructed. Its height is 56 feet above the present front of the Church, and terminates in several pinnacles. Besides, stone steps will be provided for the church entrance. These two works in the one contract come to $22,000.

The College year has opened again with nearly the same

number of boys as last year. This, considering the hard times, and the competition we meet with here, is rather favorable. The number is two hundred and thirty-six.

Rev. Fr. N. has had for a long time back, among his penitents, one who was so deaf, that the Confessor recognized him by receiving no answer to his first question: "How long is it since your last confession?" Thereupon, the Father would take the boy to the sacristy, and, talking to him in the loudest tone of voice, would so finish the confession. Last vacation the boy's father intended to begin the youth's education at a public school. This neither mother nor boy nor Fr. N. approved of. They desired rather that he should come to the College; though, to say the truth, he could learn nothing anywhere, he was so deaf. The Confessor recommended an application to Our Lady of Lourdes. They began a novena, the boy using the water and praying for such a faculty of hearing *as would enable him to go to school*,—nothing more. On the first day of the novena, he was better; second day, better still; last day, just so well as to come to school; and here he is now in the lowest class.

The parochial school is fairly begun in the old district school-house: and the district school has opened its new house on our old lot. The parish never had such a school as now. It has despoiled Egypt—albeit not without a fair exchange; only that what we gave was first-class ground, and what we got was a first-class house.

NEW MEXICO.

Letter of Fr. d'Aponte to Very Rev. Fr. D. Palomba, Provincial of the Neapolitan Province.

LAS VEGAS, April, 1874.

For more than two months I have been giving missions. I began with that of S. Miguel on the first Sunday of Lent, with Fr. Gasparri and Fr. Carrozzini. In spite of the unfavorable weather, snowing nearly all the first week, we had a large concourse; and it was truly edifying to see poor people, without shoes, having their feet hardly covered by two leather straps, coming from afar to listen to the word of God. There were conversions of persons who had not received the sacraments for twenty, thirty, or even fifty years. Not one was left in the whole *plaza* who had not made his confession. The second week was particularly devoted to La Cuesta and two other small villages belonging to the parish of S. Miguel. Three miles from La Cuesta, we met some fifty men on horseback who had come to welcome us, and they accompanied us, shooting off pistols. On entering the village, they separated into two lines, and our wagon passed between them, amidst the repeated firing of their pistols, and a merry pealing of the bells. Without losing time, we at once went to the church, where Fr. Gasparri addressed the people and opened the mission. The *plaza* was in a most deplorable state. Lust and theft prevailed; and as the practice of confession was almost abandoned, the sorrowful pastor of S. Miguel was not a little anxious about the success of the mission. Yet, three only excepted, all went to confession: restitutions were made, marriages legit-

imated, husbands and wives, long ago divorced, were reconciled. Even those who seemed the hardest, after having been visited by us, yielded. We spent four days at La Cuesta, then we visited *las plazas* of Pueblo and S. José ; and on Saturday we went back to S. Miguel, where we had all appointed for the close of the mission. Until midnight the pastor and we heard confessions ; on the following day we had a general communion, and the church was crowded. In the afternoon, the final sermon was preached, after which we performed the ceremonies of the blessing of a Mission-Cross, and more than two thousand people marched in procession, singing the rosary of the Blessed Virgin. The procession on its return halted in a large square before the church, the cross was erected, a joyous salute was fired, and Fr. Gasparri made an address, which moved all to tears and impressed them so much that they cried out that they would die a thousand times rather than offend God again.

On the fourth Sunday of Lent began the mission of Las Vegas. We attended first to the first communion of the children, which took place on St. Joseph's day, and then the rest of the time till Passion Sunday we devoted to grown persons. On that day we closed the mission with a very impressive celebration in honor of the Immaculate Mary and Pius IX. The church, a very large building, was tastefully decorated inside and outside, with banners white, blue and yellow ; and on both sides of the altar two trophies of like banners supported beautiful escutcheons, with the monogram of the Virgin Mary and the arms of the Sovereign Pontiff. The general communion surpassed all our hopes. In the afternoon we sang the Rosary, a sermon was preached and the Papal Benediction being given, and the Mission-Cross blessed, the procession was quickly formed, and started. It opened with some sixty men on horseback, each one of them waving a flag of the colors of Mary and Pius IX. Then followed the cross between two acolytes, then all the ladies, bearing banners of the colors of the Immacu-

late Mary. On five triumphal cars, singers accompanied by music alternated hymns of the Mission, and next to them the whole body of men marched with flags of the Pontifical colors. Lastly appeared the Mission-Cross, carried by some twenty persons, amidst a squadron of nearly a hundred horsemen. The order of the procession was perfect, and the sight truly admirable. Protestants who witnessed it, although irritated by the success of the mission, had to confess that such an imposing ceremony had never taken place in New Mexico. When the procession halted before the church to witness the erecting of the cross, a short sermon was delivered, after which, in unanimous bursts of devotion, all repeated acclamations to God, to Mary, to our holy Religion, and to Pius IX. Not less than four thousand persons were then present. They entered the church, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, and all ended with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We have been consoled by many signal conversions. Persons went to their duties after a neglect which varied from one year to seventy.

On the following day, Fr. Gasparri set out for Albuquerque, and myself with Fr. Carrozzini for Monton de Alamos, where we had to give a short mission. We gathered abundant fruit also among these good people, who, for the first time, had the chance of attending the ceremonies of Holy Week.

After Easter I took a few days of rest. Then I went to Los Bacas. There a man of fifty, who had not yet made his first communion, felt the sweetness of Divine grace; some *malas vidas* were abandoned, and some marriages were made valid. From thence I passed over to visit Los Valles de S. Geronimo. It is a large *plaza*, and the mission lasted till the Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage. I had to hear confessions from early morning till 11 or even 12 at night.

I went back to Las Vegas much fatigued, but immensely

rejoiced in thinking that so many who had abandoned the sacraments of the Church for years, had now returned to God with evident signs of true contrition. To-day and to-morrow I rest; next Wednesday I shall start for Recolote; and, *si nihil obstat*, for Los Vigiles and Las Gallinas.

JOHN D'APONTE, S. J.

D. O. M.